

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF HAPPENINGS IN NORTHEND TOWNS

What Your Neighbors Have Been Doing During the Past Week.

Interesting Events in This Part of San Mateo County Reviewed in Terse Paragraphs.

S. J. Brown, of Vista Grande, is ill.

Mrs. J. W. White spent Wednesday with her brother in Oakland.

Mrs. W. F. Nokes of Fresno visited Mrs. H. F. Howard last week.

O. L. Toul, of San Francisco, visited Mrs. H. F. Howard last week.

Mrs. H. E. Duffey and Mrs. J. Redding spent Sunday in Berkeley.

R. Ludlow of Vista Grande has accepted a position in Sacramento.

Mrs. M. Sorensen, of San Francisco, visited Mrs. Tom Hurd Wednesday.

Miss Ida Reardon, of Crocker Tract, spent Wednesday with friends in the city.

Clifford Pettigrew and J. Gennini, of Hillcrest, left Monday for the hopfields.

For Sale.—Nice lot in Colma. Enquire of A. J. Spring, Holy Cross Cemetery.

First-class union printing right here at home. Quick work and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Gust Johnson is setting up the cigars in honor of a fine boy that arrived at his home last Saturday.

The Record is prepared to print your election cards with union label and first-class in every particular.

Hazel Hammersmith and brother, of San Jose, are spending their vacation with their mother, Mrs. S. J. Brown.

The Protestant Sunday School of Colma meets every Sunday at 9:30. Mrs. H. W. Brown is superintendent.

Cale Coakley still continues to improve the "Boulevard," and is making it one of the nicest resorts on the line.

The Record's job printing department has been unusually busy this week. First-class work is what counts.

Mrs. Amelia A. De Bois, of San Francisco, visited in Hillcrest Wednesday and favored the Record office with a call.

The Civic Betterment League of San Mateo County meets every Tuesday evening at Hillcrest Drive and Mission Road, in Pappa's Hall.

For Sale.—Cottage and lot, with modern improvements, 5 rooms. Price, \$900. Apply to C. Mundelius, grocery store, Garden street, Vista Grande. *24

The Hillcrest Boys' Club will give an entertainment and dance in Knowles Hall, Saturday evening, Oct. 1st, to which a general invitation is extended.

Col. Ed. Walsh is taking a vacation and during his absence "Duck" Sullivan is in charge at the White House. The Colonel contemplates a trip to Honolulu.

The Record's new job printing department is meeting with good success, and the high grade of work that is being turned out is receiving universal praise.

The new building being erected by Silvio and Mrs. E. Belli at Colma is for Casey's Market and will be the finest and best equipped market in San Mateo county.

The Record's compiled table of the Primary Election returns was sure a great "scoop" on the other county papers.—The Record is sure a Live Paper for Live People.

The job printing department of the Record has been crowded to its utmost capacity for several weeks and the need of another press and other machinery is more and more apparent every day.

"The Record is sure a live wire," was the remark of one prominent politician with reference to the tabulated Primary Election Returns that appeared exclusively in these columns. The information thus compiled will be of benefit even for the election four years hence, and for that reason copies of the paper are in demand to be filed away for future reference.

Hon. Franklin Swart.

The announcement of Franklin Swart, the Democratic candidate for District Attorney, appears in this issue of the Record. As a particular introduction to its readers, the Record is pleased to reproduce the following voluntary and very complimentary endorsement that appeared in the Palo Alto Times (Republican) of Aug. 25:

"The Times is pleased to note that Franklin Swart has won the Democratic nomination for district attorney of San Mateo county. This is a day when the titles of Republican or Democrat count for less than the personal merit and integrity of the men behind those names. Mr. Swart is a young man who will make his mark in the world and for whom it will be counted an honor to vote. San Mateo county is fortunate in having such a man in the running for district attorney."

"Franklin Swart is exactly the type of hardy young American of which Abraham Lincoln was made. He came to Stanford University with nothing but willing hands, a strong arm and a steady determination to succeed. Nobody ever thinks of reproaching Abe Lincoln for being a rail splitter, and nobody will do otherwise than honor Franklin Swart because he cut wood, wheeled brick, dug ditches and did every other kind of the hardest manual labor to pay his way through college."

"A strong athletic body joined to an alert mind made him the kind of student that forged to the front and carried off the college honors. He won an advanced degree in the law department and since graduation has been a partner in the city law firm of Willard, Swart, Ferrel & McGovern, with offices in the Metropolitan Bank building. Mr. Swart has lived in San Mateo for two years and has had a branch law office there."

"The Times is not published in the county where Swart is running, and this editorial is written without Mr. Swart's knowledge. It is written voluntarily, with the sincere desire to bear witness to the distinguished fitness of a worthy and successful young man for an office which sadly needs the guidance of just such honest and able direction as he will bring to the task if elected. Swart has no automobile and cannot boast of hobnobbing with the rich, but he is a man, for a that, and a' that."

The alleged holdup of a street car near Sickles avenue at 3 o'clock Monday morning, is said to be a fake by some. The reports as they appeared in the city papers were surely garbled up.

Grand Picnic by the Bay Cities Picnic Association of Woodmen and Royal Neighbors of America, at East Shore Park (Steger), near Richmond, Monday, September 5th. Admission, 25 cents.

No need to go to the city for Job Printing. The Record has installed a beautiful outfit, first class in every particular, latest designs in type and every modern facility for producing perfect results.

A line to the Record from Mrs. Dr. Rowland from Willets, says they are having a fine time and are just as wild and woolly as can be, with hot weather to burn. They expect to return home Monday.

Honorable Benjamin G. Fenehman of Ingleside, who issued three or four copies of a sheet called the "Home Builders Review" over a year ago, is said to be contemplating its revival during the campaign.

Mrs. Katie Wight gave a whist party at her home Monday evening to a few friends that proved an enjoyable affair. A nice lunch was served and song and music added to the pleasure of the evening.

Mrs. M. A. Johnson, 614 Mission Road, has added to her dry goods stock a line of ready-to-wear ladies' shirtwaists and children's dresses. Also Union-made overalls for men and boys. Special prices this week.

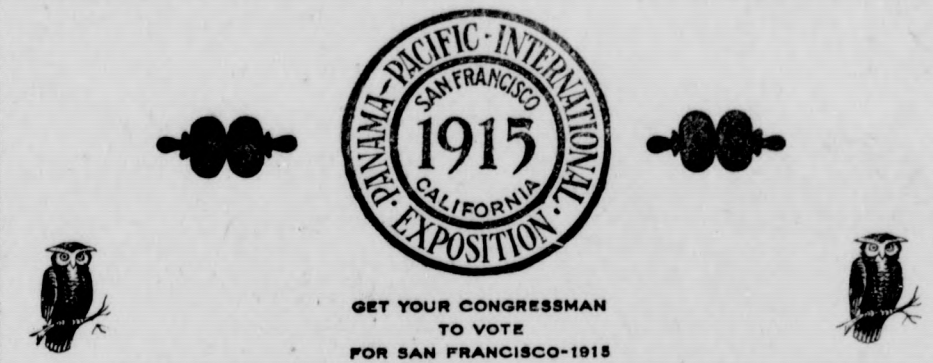
Chas. P. Lambert, the monumental worker, is an expert at his profession and makes a specialty of letter-cutting on monuments in cemeteries—gilded if desired. Shop and residence near Mt. Olivet and the Italian cemeteries.

The Colma Protestant Sunday School is arranging a blackface comedy and vaudeville entertainment, to be given at Colma Hall, Saturday evening, October 1. Tickets, 25 cents; children, 15 cents. Everybody invited.

A benefit dance to be given in San Bruno, September 17, to the family of Barney Deleso, the young man who was killed by being run over by an S. P. train at San Bruno, August 13. Barney was well known and had many friends in Colma.

Did you notice that barrel at W. J. Sweeney's blacksmith shop? Billy uses it to stick his head in and yell "Dad, dad, dad," on account of that 16-pound baby boy that arrived at his house last Friday morning. Mother and "Baby Billy" doing fine.

BOOST THE GREAT EXPOSITION



FOR LAKE MERCED

The Greatest Advantage to San Mateo County Will Be the Location of the Great Panama-Pacific Exposition at Lake Merced—Either There or Golden Gate Park.

The Record's job printing department turned out a beautiful job of Membership Cards for the Vista Grande Republican Club this week. The pure white cards are printed in two colors and are so harmoniously arranged as to make a real artistic piece of work.

The service of the Vista Grande postoffice is certainly excellent. A letter mailed either at the office or in the box at the corner of Mission and Hillcrest Drive, any time during the night, will be taken up in time to arrive in the city for all the outbound morning trains, or for delivery to any part of San Francisco before noon.

The ball given Saturday evening by El Carmelo Parlor, N. G. D. W., at Colma Hall, was a success far beyond the fondest expectations. In fact, the tickets were all sold and about two hundred admissions were paid at the door. The Daughters certainly covered themselves all over with glory as well, for the music was excellent and the most perfect order and general fine arrangements made the affair one long to be remembered.

Mrs. M. Bode wishes the Record to express her sincere thanks to the Vista Grande Band and to everybody who took part in her benefit entertainment last Friday evening. The exercises, including the music, farce and vaudeville sketches, were worthy of the hearty applause and numerous encores, for the occasion was marked with an unusual spirit of pleasure. The attendance was large and a neat sum was realized, so that another entertainment is contemplated soon by Mrs. Bode.

Miss Ethel Harris, the assistant in the Record office, who quite seriously injured her right hand in a job press about ten days ago, is improving rapidly. The young lady's ambition prompted her to remain with her work and although so badly crippled, has rendered valuable service.

The recent improvement to San Pedro road, near Biggio's, by Supervisor Casey, is certainly of much value to the hundreds of vegetable wagons that pass over it every day to and from the gardens.

The Civic Betterment League had quite an interesting meeting Tuesday evening in which the matter of petitioning the School Board to call a meeting for discussing the school house plans, was considered and arrangements were made for circulating the petition. The League arranged for a bit of charitable work, and called for volunteers to assist in the completion of a cottage near the corner of Merced avenue and Garden street, for a worthy old man, next Sunday, and Jim Callan, who has charge of the matter, is promised ample assistance.

The County Democratic Convention met at San Mateo Monday and perfected its organization with Thomas Spellman as chairman and J. J. Hill, secretary. The Record editor was in attendance for the purpose of reporting the proceedings, but was advised by the secretary that he would forward the same by mail, but up to the time of going to press no report has been sent in, necessitating this brief mention. This is regrettable, as the Record was desirous of publishing the proceedings in full, as they were quite interesting to every citizen of the county.

Ellis C. Johnson, of Vista Grande, the Republican nominee for Justice of the Peace of the First Township, announces his candidacy in this issue of the Record. Mr. Johnson, who made an honorable and aggressive fight for the nomination and won out by a creditable majority, is generally considered a very strong man.

By giving your job printing to the Record, you thereby assist your home paper and enable it to more effectively assist you and your interests in this locality. If you get your printing elsewhere, you get nothing in return compared to the assistance that the Record can and will give you if you will just "tote fair."

The date of the general meeting of the parishioners, and their friends, as also of all lovers of sports and athletics, is set for Labor Day, September 5th, at Tanforan Park. These reunions of old time friends, are indeed the source of much genuine pleasure and consolation and very many are quick to express themselves in no mistaken terms of the happiness of the opportunity they have enjoyed. This year we will have many rare attractions, sports, and amusements galore; prizes for gate and games are numerous and valuable; the games are open to all. All competitors are welcome. Come early and enjoy the day of your life.

The plans and specifications for the Record's new building at the corner of Mission road and Theta avenue are being prepared by Z. J. Montgomery, the Colma architect and contractor. The building, that will be quite an ornament to that beautiful corner, will soon be in course of construction and probably ready for occupancy before the first of next month, as the work will be pushed rapidly. Mr. Montgomery is now finishing up the beautiful \$4,000 residence that is being erected by Mathew Callan at Colma, the work upon which is creditable and a fine recommendation of his ability in the building and architectural line.

Dr. Rowland's New Office Hours.

Because of the rapidly increasing demand for his services, Dr. P. D. Rowland, physician and surgeon of the German Hospital, will now be found at the Knowles Building, Hillcrest, between the hours of 2:00 and 4:00 p. m., as well as 7:00 to 8:30 p. m., as heretofore. Residence, 117 Peoria street, near Green avenue, Crocker Tract. Phone Mission 7270.

Here's A Good Buy.

A lot on Mission road, close to the new school house site, 25½x104 feet. Terms, ten per cent down; balance \$10 per month. Price of lot \$800. See Theo. Loventhal, office 5824 Mission street, near Sickles avenue, between 1 and 5 p. m., daily; 9 to 5 Sunday. If*

Watson Fears He Will Be Killed.

Thompson, Ga.—The climax of the fight which Tom Watson, once candidate for President on the Populist ticket, has been making on Congressman Hardwick, came Monday when he made the charges that Hardwick is planning his assassination in the belief that Hoke Smith, after he is inaugurated Governor, will pardon him as Governor Patterson pardoned the slayer of Senator Carmack, in Tennessee.

WILL SHOW WORLD THAT SAN FRANCISCO MUST HAVE FAIR

State Legislature Favors \$10,000,000 Bond Issue to Secure Exposition.

San Francisco.—When the host of business men who will assemble from all parts of California for Panama-Pacific Day meet in Sacramento on September 6th, the delegation from San Francisco will have a big and pleasant surprise awaiting them.

A snap ballot taken among the legislators of the State has revealed the fact that California as a whole has determined to plunge on Panama-Pacific.

A Senator from the southern part of the State has gone on record as stating that California as a State will exceed the mark made by San Francisco as a city in the appropriation to cinch the exposition for the Golden Gate.

"We will not," he asserts, "be scared by the appropriation of \$10,000,000. The fact is, we are going after the fair, and the people of the United States are going to realize it before we get through. We will show them that there is only one element of sectional rivalry and that is to determine which part of the State shall have the honor of playing the game hand for the biggest stake that ever invited the sporting blood of the Pacific Coast. California has always played for big stakes. She is going in this time to win, and if the north is half as enthusiastic as we are, the decision of Congress is a mere formality."

With the most successful State Fair in the history of California in progress, the opening of the special session of the Legislature, and the presence of commercial delegations from all parts of the Coast, it is certain that the atmosphere of enthusiasm will stimulate both houses to carry the Panama-Pacific appropriation through with a rush.

The finance committee has a remarkable showing to make. The sum of \$259,240.95 has been paid in as first installments on subscriptions. The subscriptions to date make a total of \$6,430,117.50 and the payments are made to cover a period of five years in annual, semi-annual, quarterly and monthly installments. About \$2,750,000 in subscriptions has been covered by cash already paid in.

Negroes Riot at Ball Game.

Brooks, Ga.—A ball game between negro clubs for the championship of Fayetteville, broke up in a riot in the ninth inning, and as a result three ball players are dead, two probably fatally injured, and several less seriously hurt. Pistols, knives and bats were used in the riot, a score of spectators taking sides with the rival teams. The fight was caused by a close decision of Umpire Smith in the ninth, which allowed the Brooks team to score the winning run.

Students Warned Against Hazing.

Stanford University.—Following a general mix-up of sophomores at Palo Alto, in which John Wiley bested several classmates, and who, in turn, threatened vengeance upon him, A. E. Roth, president of the student body, called a meeting of the sophomores and informed them that no form of hazing would be tolerated at the University after the freshman rush a week from Saturday, and until then little rough play would be countenanced.

Rockefeller Won't Talk.

Cleveland.—For the second Sunday in succession John D. Rockefeller failed to talk to his Bible class at the Euclid avenue Baptist church. His failure to speak at Sunday school is only a part of the reticence he has maintained during the last two weeks. It is stated Mrs. Rockefeller has influenced her husband against stating his opinions and making forecasts in the presence of reporters.

Park Open to Automobiles.

Washington.—Automobiles and motorcycles may now be driven through the General Grant National Park in California unmolested. The Secretary of the Interior has decided that the roads of the park are of such a character as to permit the operation of motor vehicles with perfect safety to horse-drawn conveyances.

Biplane as Wedding Gift.

Paris.—When Miss Marguerite Barbey of New York, Paris and Geneva, became the wife of Gilbert Compton Elliott of London, on Monday, she displayed among her wedding presents a specially built two-seated Farman biplane, a gift from her sister.

DIRECT LINE OF STEAMSHIPS TO PANAMA CANAL

Will Connect San Francisco
With New York and Atlantic Coast Cities.

California and Atlantic Company
Arrange With Panama Railway
for 30-Day Freight Service.

San Francisco.—Competition for California transportation promises to be keen this year. Following the opening of the Western Pacific Railway comes the announcement that Bates & Chesbrough will establish in October a direct line of steamships to Panama, connecting with a steamship on the Atlantic for New York, which will call at New Orleans and Charleston, thus affording a 15-day service to the isthmus for California shippers and inaugurating the first line of water communication between California and the Gulf and South Atlantic markets.

The new line, which is to be known as the California and Atlantic Steamship Company, will, to start with, operate three steamships on the Pacific and one on the Atlantic.

Arrangements have been made with the Harbor Commissioners for a dock at San Francisco, and the steamers of the new line will also call at San Pedro, thus giving southern California an opportunity to share in furnishing supplies to the Panama Canal Commission and water transportation between Los Angeles and Atlantic and Gulf ports. At the outset one of the steamships is to be furnished with a refrigerating plant for the transportation of meats and vegetables and similar service will be provided on the other ships later.

In telling how arrangements were finally made with the Government-owned Panama Railroad for the opening of the isthmus door to the independent line, H. S. Bates said: "This is the same plan which we worked on in 1908 and 1909, but which was then turned down by the Panama Railway Company, through the Secretary of War, as it was claimed that the Panama Railway Company could not handle San Francisco cargo south-bound from New York, their steamers leaving New York with canal supplies and having little overflow space to offer us."

The east-bound cargo from San Francisco, Bates said, could have been handled in any quantity north bound on the Atlantic, as the Panama Railway Company needed this cargo to ballast their ships returning light to New York.

"As we could not run our vessels light one way on the Pacific," he continued, "the establishment of the line was temporarily abandoned. It then seemed impossible for us to put our own steamers on the Atlantic, as the Panama Railway Company wanted all our New York cargo for their ships running north light."

"We think we have now solved the problem by putting our own swing steamer on the Atlantic, keeping our berth open at Philadelphia, and calling regularly at the New York dock of the Panama Railway Company for west-bound cargo in excess of the Panama Railway Company's capacity, and to avoid the necessity of operating this swing steamer light north bound from Colon to New York, we have arranged for a service under which we will accept freight for one Gulf port, New Orleans, and for one south Atlantic port, Charleston."

"California merchants have never before had an opportunity of shipping to the Gulf ports by water, but in spite of this, large tonnage of canned goods, wines and other freight moves from San Francisco to New Orleans and Charleston by rail. Our rates will, of course, be much lower than the rail rates, and our time of delivery will be 30 days after shipment."

Says Husband is "Lady-Killer."

New York.—"Lady-Killer" is the rank that young Mrs. Roscoe H. Sanborn of Brooklyn will seek to bestow upon her husband in a suit for divorce. Mrs. Sanborn said she will name 63 women in her bill of particulars. She will also display a huge bunch of love letters from girls in several States written to her husband, she asserts.

COLMA RECORD

Issued Every Friday

J. L. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor

LIFE'S CEASELESS STRUGGLE

Many Men and Women Who Have No Respite From the Continuous Monotone of Drudgery.

In the hot season of the year for some of us there are various kinds of amelioration, and others of us are forced to find out breathing places in the puddles, our playground on the pavement, our very cradle and nursery on a cellar door or in an arway. There are little mothers holding heavy-eyed children in their arms, themselves scarcely bigger than their burdens. There are tired women for whom no day is different from any other, each morning sun rising on a never-ending treadmill of domestic routine duties, and evening star bringing with it no sense of respite from the ceaseless monotone of drudgery. And there are men who find reason to look solemn, and little occasion for mirth, against whom the very stars in their courses seem to conspire; men who cry out upon the flinty hardness of the face of heaven, and lament that they ever were born into a life that means no joy, no light, no happiness—only the darkness of despair and the bitterness of pain. No man who has not earned his bread in the sweat of his brow knows how hard it is for some of us to win a meager subsistence from a world that rewards a success and abhors a failure. The parlor sociologist prates glibly of the life of the poor and its compensations, but he does not know how large a single car fare looms, or the price of a quart of milk or a pipe of tobacco. His life is cushioned against all springless joltings as he overrides actual conditions with his calm theories.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Mistake.

The young woman was hastening to the subway station en route to the railway train. Looking about for a boy to carry her heavy suit case, she espied a stalwart youth and asked him if he would take it for her to the station. He hesitated a moment, as he had been headed in an opposite direction, and then complied. At the ticket window there was an unusual crowd. The boy pushed forward, bought a ticket for the young woman, put it in the box and handed her the suit case. As she proffered him the dime which seemed about adequate for his services he smiled at her peculiarly, shook his head, lifted his hat gracefully and was gone before the young woman had time to protest or really to understand what had occurred. Then the appalling thought came to her with conviction that he was undoubtedly a college boy putting in vacation time at some kind of employment which necessitated his wearing quite ordinary working clothes.

"And how dreadful," she thought, squirming with mortification, "he actually paid my fare, too!"

Japanese Is Hardest to Learn.

The Japanese language is claimed to be the hardest of all to learn. Even the Japanese find it hard, and several American army officers have found it impossible to master it. It takes the Japanese child seven years to learn the essential parts of the alphabet, and one must become familiar with 214 signs to learn this simple part of the language alone. The 214 signs serve as the English initial letters in our alphabet. To be able to read any of the higher class of Japanese newspapers one must be the master of from 2,500 to 3,000 ideographs.—Albany Journal.

What We May Expect.

The suffragette meeting had grown red-hot. "And what will become of the great brewery buildings when we control the votes?" shouted the leader. And the little man who had crept in unobserved shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess they'll be turned into chewing gum factories and complexion-powder mills," he muttered simply.

The First Year.

"Remember, my boy, that the first year of married life is always the hardest."

"That so?" "Yes, it will take you all that time to give dinner parties to the relatives and friends who believe they ought to be invited to test your wife's cooking."

Appreciation.

Smith had just finished his fifth cup of coffee when the landlady remarked: "Mr. Smith, you must be very fond of coffee."

"I would seem so," he replied, "when I am willing to drink so much water to get such a little taste!"—Cornell Widow.

Generous Mendacity.

"Your thermometer is wholly incorrect. It registers ten degrees less than the actual temperature."

"That's why I like it. I dread these fearfully candid friends."

A Beauty Secret.

"What do you do to keep your hands so beautiful?" asked the rural maid. "Why," replied the fair summer boarder, "I do nothing."

RODE THE FOREST MONARCH

Lumberman Probably First One to Pull Off Stunt at Once Exciting and Unique.

A bareback stunt which puts to shame all the equestrian efforts of circus arena fame, was pulled off by a party of timber inspectors recently during a tour through the canebrake district of the lower section near Helena, Ark., between White and Arkansas rivers.

John E. Osborn of Greensburg, Ind.; J. J. Peadro and John Livingston of this city and Major Wise of Memphis comprise the star and cast of this remarkable farce comedy. After spending a long and tiresome day investigating the section referred to the party turned and retraced its steps toward camp.

Dusk was fast approaching as they followed the zigzag path through the heavy brakes of cane. In approaching a huge oak, around which the trail swung in two paths, Peadro followed the left trend, while the others of the party, headed by Livingston, bore to the right.

Livingston was walking rapidly slightly in advance of the other two and had just spanned the base of the towering oak, when across his path, with head lowered and body swinging menacingly, a giant black bear crossed his path and disappeared in the tangled woods to his left. Peadro, who was ten yards to the left of Livingston, and screened by the canebrake, knew nothing of bruin's proximity until with lumbering feet the animal crashed through the cane to his right.

Peadro states that he was startled to intelligently plan a mode of defense and accepted the first impulse which came to him, which was to straddle the monster forest monarch squarely on the back. This position he retained until the bear, with out once lifting its head, plunged wildly off into the brake at his left, at last rudely dislodging his unwelcome burden.—Indianapolis Star.

Where Two Empires Meet.

Most travelers enter Russia by way of Alexandrov from the west, but those who venture on the beaten track occasionally cross the frontier by way of Galicia and Brady, where the first station on Russian soil is Radziwillov. The surrounding country is flat and fertile; the peasants are of Ruthenian origin; the land owners are Poles; the officials Russian; the traders in town and villages are generally Jews. It is from this district, which is not often visited by Englishmen that the Radziwillov family takes its name.

The Radziwillov country, the borderland along which two empires have ebbed and flowed, does not at first seem very attractive to the casual traveler, but those who have lived there and have learned something of the racial strife that has long divided the district and that still divides it are not long in finding that it exercises a subtle fascination over them. Yet it would fall them to put this fascination into words or to analyze the sentiments of which it is made up.

The Guarantee.

Apropos of the superb additions to the Metropolitan museum in New York, F. Hopkinson Smith said at a dinner at Delmonico's:

"They are good works, too. They are all good works. Not like our American Rembrandts. I am afraid that most of our millionaires bought their Rembrandts too carelessly—much as Gobsa Golde bought his. Gobsa Golde, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lotta, picked out a Rembrandt at a foreign dealer's, and then, before plunking down the cash, said very sternly:

"Now, see here, sir, do you guarantee this Rembrandt?"

"Yes, Mr. Golde," the dealer replied. "A seven years' guarantee goes with the canvas."

"Oh, very well," said Gobsa, mollified, and he took out his book and fountain pen."

Tarkington's Charm.

Booth Tarkington, the well known playwright and novelist is very fond of children, and has a particularly fascinating way with them. That is a lucky child, indeed, whom Mr. Tarkington takes on his knee and regales with one of his dainty fairy tales.

A little Indianapolis girl, a journalist's daughter, made Mr. Tarkington's acquaintance last year. Her uncle, heretofore a favorite, called at her house at about this time, and was treated rather coolly by his pretty little niece.

"Why, Madge," he said, "don't you like me any more?"

"Oh, yes," said the little girl, "I like you; but, to tell you the truth, Mr. Tarkington has spoiled me for other men."

Spider-Web Suits.

Now that the hot weather is with us again it might pay some enthusiastic tradesman to revive the manufacture of costumes from spiders' webs, which at one time served to make a cool and attractive fabric. The first person to use the webs in this way was a Montpellier merchant named Bon. Louis XIV. himself designed to appear in a spider-web suit, with gloves and stockings of the same material, and several of his court followed his example. The fashion was at its height from 1709 to 1711. But the spiders appear to have struck work, or perhaps they were swept down by conscientious housemaids. Anyhow, you would hardly get a spider suit today.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

HITCHCOCK IN EUROPE TO GET DESERVED REST



FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, postmaster general, has gone to Europe to get a short rest. He deserves it. When a man, in the short length of time that Mr. Hitchcock has been in office, cuts down a postal deficit from \$18,000,000 to \$10,000,000, to use round numbers, he has worked hard enough to earn recreation. This is the accomplishment of Mr. Hitchcock and no one will begrudge him all the rest he can take during the hot months. He said when he left that he expected to be gone only a few weeks, so he'll be back at his desk before long fighting that deficit again.

To look at Hitchcock a person wouldn't think he ever would get tired. He's a six footer and built like an athlete. He's not only built like an athlete, but he once was one of no mean ability. He was the champion heavy-weight boxer at Harvard. But the strongest of men sometimes get tired and Mr. Hitchcock is like the rest of us.

Had Frank H. Hitchcock chosen to be a pugilist—his sensitive nature prohibited even such a thought—it is likely that he would have been the champion. He had the size, the strength, the skill, and, best of all, the intellect.

A story has been told of a bout that came off at the White House one day and as it never has been denied, although Mr. Hitchcock, even with his closest friends, has refused to discuss it, it is repeated here.

Everybody knows that Theodore Roosevelt is no slouch with the gloves. He is a scrapper of the Tom Sharkey type and likes to slug.

One day Hitchcock was at the White House on business and President Roosevelt invited him down to the gymnasium in the basement. The president tossed a pair of gloves to Hitchcock and said: "Put 'em on." At the same time he drew on another pair. Mr. Hitchcock peeled off his coat and vest and followed orders.

In a minute the president of the United States and the then assistant postmaster general were at it. Roosevelt didn't like it because Hitchcock was using only slight taps.

"Hit," he shouted. "Knock me out if you can."

Again Hitchcock obeyed orders of his chief. Smash! went a straight jab on the presidential face. "Bully," grunted Roosevelt. "You can't do it again." Bing! A right swing staggered the president.

"I guess that's enough," exclaimed Roosevelt. "I can't afford to be going around with a black eye. But if I were not the president I'd like to fight this out with you."

"Any time you say, Mr. President," replied the obliging Mr. Hitchcock.

LOEB MAY GO BACK TO ALBANY AS GOVERNOR



IF William Loeb Jr. runs for governor of New York and is elected he will return to the quarters at Albany where he once was a stenographer, but which he left as private secretary to the chief executive.

Loeb started his public career as a stenographer in the general assembly of New York, became private secretary to several public officials, reporter of the New York constitutional convention and in 1894 district attorney. Next we find him a stenographer in the office of Governor Roosevelt. He attracted the attention of the future president and was made private secretary. He held this position until Roosevelt's term of governor expired and then became the colonel's secretary while Roosevelt was vice-president. When Roosevelt was made president upon the death of McKinley, Loeb followed him to the White House and after Mr. Cortelyou was appointed postmaster general Loeb became private secretary. In his term of office at the White House the title was changed from private secretary to that of secretary to the president.

There have been many secretaries to presidents or private secretaries as you may wish to call them, but there have been few who had anything on Mr. Loeb.

It is doubtful if any other secretary had such tasks to perform as were those set by Roosevelt for his aid.

Loeb was an ideal buffer for a president. He had a knack of handling big matters quickly and expeditiously. If mistakes were made he could shoulder the blame in a flash and often did. He knew the men the president wanted to see and the ones he didn't and it was seldom that the wrong person got past him.

From the White House Mr. Loeb went to New York as collector of U.

port. President Taft gave him the job. His work in that office is of such recent occurrence that little is necessary to be said.

Now Taft is said to want Loeb as governor of the Empire state. Politicians who were used to running things in New York until Hughes became governor want none of Loeb, for they know they cannot handle him. He has a will of his own and is not afraid to exercise it.

FERDINAND FIRST KING TO RIDE IN AN AEROPLANE



FERDINAND, king of Bulgaria, got his name into the newspapers the other day by taking a ride in an aeroplane. He now bears the distinction of being the first ruler to fly and in view of recent fatal accidents may be able to hold the honor for some time.

Aviation isn't safe yet and there's no telling when the aeroplane is going to buckle or the gas bag of a dirigible explode, so it's a safe conjecture that Emperor William of Germany, King George of England, King Alfonso of Spain and some of the other monarchs are not going to risk their royal heads in the air and put the affairs of their country in jeopardy just to go soaring among the clouds.

Imagine President Taft up in an aeroplane. To put it another way, imagine the aeroplane that would carry the 300 pounds of the chief executive of the United States. It's probable that Theodore Roosevelt would enjoy nothing better than a trip to the clouds. His daughter, Mrs. Longworth, is said to have expressed her eagerness to make a flight and may yet do so, but it's safe to say that the royal rulers of the empires across the pond are not going to follow the example of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who at Harselle, near Liege, enjoyed the experience of flying twice around the Kiewit aerodrome on a machine piloted by Chevalier de Lamigne.

When he started out with his son, Boris and Cyril, to watch the flights, his majesty had not the faintest intention of leaving terra firma, but after seeing the chevalier's exploits his natural enthusiasm and love of sport got the better of his discretion.

Ferdinand mounted the aeroplane with the chevalier and it rose gracefully and easily into the air, remaining up eight minutes and a half. After he came down the king said his experience had been a delightful one.

"I have never," he said, "experienced anything that made me forget affairs of state so completely. I shall do my best to introduce aviation into Bulgaria."

Some of the others would like to forget the affairs of state, but they will hardly take to the clouds for the purpose.

JUDGE LANDIS AGAIN AFTER TRUST MAGNATES



JUDGE KENE-JAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS of \$29,240,000 Standard Oil fine fame is at it again. This time it is the beef trust magnates for whom the federal jurist of Chicago has gone gunning. In instructing a grand jury a few days ago Judge Landis as much as told the members to indict the individual packers.

Only a short time before the judge had sustained a demurrer to indictments against the corporations comprising the beef trust. Now it is Armour, Swift, Morris, et al. who have to look or they will find themselves charged with violating the Sherman anti-trust law.

No jurist on the federal bench is more vigorous than Judge Landis and it is probable that the packers would rather find themselves facing most any other man in court. Judge Landis is fair and above all honest, and he requires the same of all of his court officials. He has been known to fine a poor unfortunate in cases where there were extenuating circumstances the smallest amount possible and let them off just as lightly as he could, but where it is an old offender or a case requiring drastic action he is just as quick to apply the full penalty of the law.

Prices of meat are of interest to every man, woman and child in the country, and if it is found that there has been any conspiracy to increase the cost, the grand jury indicts and a trial jury finds the magnates guilty. Judge Landis may be depended upon to do the rest.

Locks That Way.

"I'm afraid that bard is a schemer." "How now?" "He's advertising for a young man with \$500 to learn the poetry business."

BIG DEMAND FOR DAIRY COWS.

Dairymen Report It Impossible to Purchase First Class Animal For Less Than \$80 Per Head.

(By J. E. PAYNE, Colorado Agricultural College.)

The great demand for dairy products has caused the price of good dairy cows to be very high. Reports from associations of dairymen show that it is impossible to buy first-class dairy cows at even \$80 a head. With such a demand for cows in old dairy districts, there will be few good cows moved into new dairy territory. So, the only way new districts can be supplied must be by breeding up the common stock by the use of good dairy bred bulls.

If good dairy cows could be sold for \$40 to \$50, at least 5,000 could be sold in Colorado within the next year. But the prices as above quoted are prohibitive. So, only the culls from the old dairy districts are likely to be sent here for sale.

When bringing cows into the country, tuberculosis and other diseases may also be introduced. The cows now in Colorado, especially the range cows, are free from tuberculosis. If good dairy bred bulls are mated with selected range cows, the heifers of the first cross will be good milk cows. Future crosses will still further improve the dairy herd, if accompanied by careful selection.

If this plan is carried out for a few generations of cattle, Colorado can not only produce all the dairy cows needed, but a supply can be sent to the eastern states.

With cheap feed which is available, the raising of dairy cows may become profitable here.

Colorado should be able to successfully compete with Connecticut and other eastern states, where it costs \$60 to \$80 to raise a dairy heifer, and feed her until she is two years old.

NEW LAW PROTECTS GROWERS

Measure Enacted by Wisconsin, If Generally Observed, Will Greatly Benefit Nurserymen.

The provisions of the Wisconsin state nursery law, which was passed in June, 1909, if generally observed, will greatly benefit the fruitgrowers of the state, according to Prof. J. G. Sanders, state nursery inspector of the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin. The law prohibits the sale of uninspected plants or trees, or any other kind of nursery stock by an unlicensed person, whether the original owner or an agent. Shipments of uninspected stock into the state are prohibited, the law requiring that all such shipments be officially inspected.

All growers of trees and plants who desire to offer them for sale must secure a certificate-license good for one year, at a cost of \$10. Tags are furnished by the state inspector, and must be attached to each package of trees or plants sold. All agents selling trees within the state must obtain and carry at all times a duplicate agent's license like the original issued to the firm which they represent. These agent's licenses cost \$1.

The purpose of the law is to protect the farmer from unscrupulous persons who would sell diseased or insect-infested trees or plants. Any person having nursery stock for inspection should write to the state nursery inspector, Agricultural Experiment station, Madison.

Use of Drugs.

Do not be constantly drugging your live stock with the idea that something is wrong with their health. When convinced that the animal is out of condition and that medicines are needed have a veterinarian prescribe the medicine and give it under his direction. Much harm can be done by the constant use of condition powders, as they usually contain drugs having diuretic properties. As a consequence the kidneys become accustomed to stimulation, and when the medicine is stopped the kidneys, not having the accustomed stimulant, become sluggish and inactive, and consequent ill condition of the animal follows.

Sand For Ducks.

Some people have a notion that ducks and geese do not need grit because they are not seen picking up large particles of stone. They do not need as large a size of grit as hens do, for they get sand when puddling in the bottom of the creek and streams where they forage for weeds and fish. Ducklings should be provided with plenty of sand, which takes the place of grit. So thoroughly do some duck raisers believe in grit that they mix sand in the feed that they give their young ducks.

Milking.

Milking with wet hands is a filthy practice. The clean milker uses clean hands and is sure before he begins that the cow's udder is clean and that no falling dirt can get into the milk. Using lard on the hands to make milking easy will aid in making hard milkers. It will also help to keep the cow's teat very tender. Dampening the teats with milk also has the same effect.

Food For Chicks.

A handful of grain dug into an ant hill will bring the chickens to it, and then good-bye to the insects.

A plant of Swiss chard sown adjoining the poultry yard will supply greens all summer provided the fowls are not allowed to eat it more than an hour a day.

PLAY ON APE'S FEAR

HOW SHREWD KEEPERS MANAGE UNRULY ANIMAL.

Cowardice and Curiosity, Its Two Weak Points, Are Utilized When Force and Persuasion Alike Have No Effect.

The superintendent of a western zoological institution has taught his employees to manage animals by indirect methods, akin to those by which nervous children are controlled by wise parents. A rhinoceros had an abscess in its face. The question was: Did it come from a bad tooth, or did it only need lancing? The superintendent simply said to the keeper: "Give him a new birch broom." The rhinoceros at once ate it, grinding up the bits with great gusto. "Ah! You see his teeth are all right," said the superintendent, and the next day the abscess was lanced with a sharp bill hook.

The diagnosis was as ingenious as his method of managing Billy, a refractory chimpanzee. The big ape needed exercise. This he obtained by being allowed the run of the large monkey house, instead of remaining in a side room, before the visitors came. As he knew he would be caught and put back into his own compartment at this hour, the ape used to climb to the top of the other monkeys' cages and refuse to come down.

As he could not be tempted with food, the superintendent appealed to his mind by working on what he had noted to be his weak points, curiosity and cowardice.

The superintendent went to the keeper and, touching him gently on the shoulder, directed his attention in a mysterious manner to the dark passage underneath the gas pipe that traverses the house, pretending to point out some horrible unknown creature, using an energetic manner, but saying nothing except words to this effect: "Look out! There he is! There he is!" At the same time the two men would peer into the dark place under the gas pipe.

The monkey, on such occasions, would come down to see what the subject of fear and interest was, and just then the superintendent and the keeper in unison would shout: "He's coming out! He's coming out!" and would rush away in the direction of Billy's cage. The monkey would dash for the same place of safety, which happened to be the door of his own house, and sometimes enter it before them.

The monkey has never learned the deception; but is taken in by it whenever the time comes to finish his morning's airing.—The Sunday Magazine.

Couldn't Come Back.

"Servant girls must all look pretty much alike to men," said the woman with the twinkly eyes. "At least they do to my husband."

"I had been without one for nearly two weeks, and I couldn't seem to convince my husband of the difficulty of getting one worth having. Finally he got very cross about it one evening, and picking up the paper he pointed to the 'Situation Wanted' column and announced that there were scores of girls advertising for places. 'I'll get one for you this very evening,' he announced."

"He copied off several addresses and went out. Did he come back with one? Indeed, he did, in about half an hour. And who do you think he had in tow?"

"That impudent, nasty Della, the girl I discharged only two weeks ago. Of course he hadn't recognized her, and she came in as impudent as you please, with all her bundles, prepared to stay. But you can gamble she didn't, and my husband has decided to leave those matters to me in the future."

His Inspiration.

"Isn't inspiration a queer thing?"

"I suppose so. What about it?"

"Why, a few weeks ago I had a red-hot squabble with my wife over a dressmaker's bill, and when I came down to the office I was mad enough to chew spikes. Then I sat down at my desk and wrote a little poem on 'Help the Erring Brother With a Single Kindly Word.' And say, those verses, born of bitterness and nourished by anger, have been copied in the leading newspapers all over the country! How's that?"

"Fine. Why don't you improve on the idea?"

"How?"

"Why, get mad enough to beat up your wife, set fire to the house, shoot a policeman—and then write an epic that will go thundering down the ages."

Too Much for One Ear.

The young man had talked for ten or fifteen minutes without a break, when the girl at the other end of the wire interrupted.

"Just a moment, Guy!" she said.

"What is it, Fieda?"

"I want to change the receiver to the other ear. This one's tired."—Chicago Tribune.

The Wary Vestryman.

Mr. Church—Whew! how it's raining, lend me your umbrella, dear! I've got to run over to the vestry meeting.

Mrs. Church—But why not use that umbrella you've been carrying all week?

Mr. Church—What! to the vestry meeting? Why, that's where I got it.—Catholic Standard and Times

KATE'S WHITE ELEPHANT

By OSWALD EASTWOOD

As a remarkable variant from the type to which he actually belonged, David Minton stood in refreshing prominence. The founder of the family had secured millions by methods which subjected him to more or less criticism in his generation, but which would be regarded as highly conservative at the present time. The intermediate Mintons had revised the methods to suit the times and had added to the millions. To fulfill the tradition, David should have been a spendthrift.

He was not. On the contrary, he was about as satisfactory a specimen of the congenitally rich young man as could be found anywhere, and even those who were not friendly to the class had to admit it. So far as he knew, he hadn't an enemy in the world, which, considering the breadth of his acquaintance, was rather a noteworthy condition. Despite the fact that he had never done a day's work in his life, and never expected to, his patrimony had not diminished ten years after it had come into his possession. He was still the richest bachelor in his native city. Why he was a bachelor at all had been discussed from every point of view save his own. It had not even occurred to him to have a point of view on the subject.

But that very morning he had begun to wonder how it was that he had never asked Katherine Sewell to marry him. By a curious mental twist, which he did not attempt to analyze, his failure to have done so took the form of a sin of omission. He even convinced himself that he had been guilty of the most gigantic plunder of his life. The new-born consciousness that for at least half a dozen years he had kept silent in the almost daily presence of the most charming woman in the world almost overwhelmed him. The idea was so antagonistic to his notion of the fit-



"This is about my bravest deed."

ness of things that he seized his hat and stick and covered the two blocks between his house and that of the Sewells in an incredibly short time. Half an hour later he had done his best to repair his sin of omission, and had found himself involved in a sea of unexpected difficulties.

"It is such a perfectly undreamed-of surprise," she said, and her manner seemed to confirm the statement. "We have been acquainted so many years that it is very hard for me to believe that—that it is possible."

It would have been an easy way, perhaps a lover's way, to plead lack of courage as an excuse for his silence, but he was too honest for that. "I must have loved you all the time," he said, "but I was too stupid to discover it. How could I have helped it?" he asked, with an earnestness that brought a flush to her face.

"I suppose the possibility of—of my inability to do as you wish—never occurred to you, did it?" she stammered.

"No, it didn't," he confessed, bluntly. "I don't see how you could have been so sure," she said, with a little laugh that was akin to a sob. Then she made a brave effort to control herself and went on slowly: "What will you say when I tell you that I made up my mind long ago never to marry a man who had not done something very difficult of achievement? Have you ever done anything noteworthy?"

"This is about my bravest deed," he admitted, gravely. "There isn't a great deal left for me to do. The north pole is discovered and the south pole will be before I could get there."

"Please don't make fun of me. I know it is only a left-over whim of my sentimental days, but I really mean it," she said.

"Do you mean it now?" he demanded brusquely, looking her full in the eyes.

"Oh, I suppose I do," she returned, rather confusedly.

"The hell you have to do is to tell me what it shall be," he declared, rising with a display of energy that was new to him. "Out with it! Don't spare me. I deserve it all, and more, too."

She knew that she had not succeeded in her effort to convince him that she was really uncertain of her own feeling for him, and the knowledge was so disquieting that she was led into further extravagances by her con-

fusion. Any absurdity were better than that he should think her willing to fall into his arms without even decent investigation.

"Oh, well—," she said, with the last heroic effort to keep her voice steady. "If you insist, I will tell you! Get me a white elephant."

He was equally determined to accept her conditions and to purge himself of his sin of omission. The fact that Katherine Sewell had taken refuge in absurdity was an actual relief. He felt that he was getting off remarkably well under the circumstances.

"A mere trifle," he said, moving off with cheerful alacrity. "How much time do you give me to go out to Asia or Africa or wherever it is to get one?"

"Oh—about a—a-week," she replied, wishing for nothing so much as to have him leave her to her own emotions.

"Ge! A week from today at 10 a. m.," he said, as if it were the final word in the most commonplace business agreement.

Not until he reached home did the full extravagance of the proceeding unfold itself to his understanding. What miracle had he elected to perform? He knew perfectly well that, elephant or no elephant, Kate Sewell was his but how should he manage this one opportunity she had given him to show himself a man? He realized it was not a chance to become a hero, but it was something. The more he thought of it the less trivial it seemed. White elephant, indeed! He could not remember that he had ever seen such a thing. Wasn't it after all a fabulous beast? The possibility was so distracting that he resolved to take it to the counsel of Stacy, who knew everything.

Half an hour later he was sitting in the private office of the junior member of the firm of Stacy & Co., universal providers. Tom Stacy had been his class mate at college and they belonged to the same fraternity. Tom was as genial as he was shrewd, and David had always liked him immensely.

"I want to consult you on a matter of business," Minton said, after the customary greetings.

"Command me," said Stacy, with his best business manners.

"I believe you supply any demand," David observed, as an entering wedge. "Universal providers," Tom admitted, with a large smile.

"Suppose one should ask for something very unusual—something I might say not to be found on the market?"

There was everything in Tom's manner to indicate that he regarded such a condition of things as extremely improbable. "If we were asked to furnish any article whatever," he said, with great dignity, "we should feel obliged to make good. Our claim to be universal providers would demand it."

"Do you happen to have such a thing as a white elephant?"

Stacy saw in an instant that his friend was not guying him, the discovery brought with it a temporary embarrassment which was a decided novelty in the young merchant's experience.

"I don't believe we have the article—in stock," he said, hesitatingly. "But of course you can obtain it?" said the other, with a grim smile.

"Oh, yes—with sufficient notice," declared the universal provider.

"How long would you require?"

"Well—," replied Stacy, cocking his eye meditatively, "I should say about two years would be about the proper wrinkle."

"I must have a white elephant one week from today—at ten o'clock in the morning," said David, with great distinctness of utterance. And then he told Stacy all about it.

Before he had finished Tom's face had grown radiant and he seemed to have been made the happy lodging place of a joyous inspiration. "Cheer up, old fellow!" he cried, slapping Minton on the back with an energy that was unmistakable. "It's the dearest, easiest cinch I've struck in an age. All you have to do is to go into hiding. Let it be known that you have gone for a week's outing, and Stacy & Co. will do the rest. That white elephant will make his appearance in front of the Sewell house at the hour prescribed. Go away in perfect peace."

It seemed incredible, but Minton knew his man, and went his way with this assurance that he should not be compelled to go back to Katherine with a record of humiliating failure to fulfill her condition, ridiculous though it was.

As the clock was striking ten on that absurdly specified day Katherine Sewell looked out of her window and saw, in front of her father's big old-fashioned house, a strange sight. The central figure of the exhibition was a little, dingy, ivory-colored elephant, almost concealed beneath his crimson and gold trappings. On either side of the grotesque little pachyderm, several figures in the garb of Siamese priests, were bending low in adoration, and two or three others were beating vigorously on native drums.

The street was fast becoming packed with a crowd of delighted onlookers. "This is your white elephant, Kate," said Minton, coming up behind her and taking her hands.

"If you love me take it out of the street," she said, without looking at him.

"Easiest ever," declared Stacy, afterwards. "I remembered that the animal was expected daily by a firm of amusement purveyors—customers of ours—and I met it at the steamer. It took a thousand dollars, but Stacy & Co. worked it."

"And I've had it proved to me that I was born under a lucky star," added Minton as he wrote a check

MODES of The MOMENT



It is difficult to interest any woman in fashions just now. She is watching for what is to come and caring little for what has passed. It is too hot, too humid, too fatiguing to bother one's head with anything so exacting as clothes.

She knows that her head must be troubled with this problem in six more weeks, and she is saving up her vitality for that time. She has got her clothes for summer, and she has no idea of getting her clothes for winter. She wants to enjoy the open air, the new book,iced meals on the awning-shaded veranda. As far as it is possible she wants to be let alone. She is quite willing to listen to any overture to pleasure, but she is actively opposed to any effort toward work, writes Anne Rittenhouse, in the New York Times.

In a way she is a mollusc, in that she holds on with all her strength to doing nothing.

She may want to wear the clothes she has, but she may not be able to do it. It is rare indeed when a woman is not compelled through inclination or some forces of circumstances to rearrange her wardrobe in every season, no matter how well it is planned.

She may regard the heated and languorous midsummer as the most irritating time to think about anything so simple as a blouse or so terrifying as a hat and a gown, but ten to one she must do it. This is true of each of the four seasons. To save herself trouble she may use all her wits toward planning and perfecting a wardrobe that will leave her free for the rest of the season, but her best laid plans will go awry.

Some Good New Ideas.

She will learn there are midsummer fashions as soon as she begins to experiment with them. She will be surprised to learn how many clever things are introduced in a dull season to keep up interest, and how really satisfactory these are when tried out.

Some of them are entirely new; others were invented much earlier in the season, but in the rush of many new things they were allowed to pass by without notice.

The designers themselves take great pleasure in introducing scraps of new things, in applying new methods, in playing with new ideas, when the bulk of the work is over and the frenzied demand for clothes has somewhat ceased. One designer, noted for charming things, says that she gets all her inspirations after June. She explains this by the fearful rush of the spring, when every woman wants all her gowns at the same time, and no leisure is allowed for suggestions or inspiration.

As long as women must look at clothes and make them or buy them it is wise to know some of the interesting things that are being done in midsummer gowns. Embroidering white embroidery with colors is a truly pleasant touch that is brought into favor and gains new followers each day.

The eyelet embroidery is bought in the real or imitation varieties, and then its openings are overcast with vivid tones in mercerized wash floss. The pale blues and pinks which, in other days, every woman chose, have given way to intense colors, such as red, green, purple, black, and yellow.

These are mixed in with several other tones, and sometimes three or four colors are used in strong contrast to each other.

Can Be Done at Home.

This work can be done at home, although it becomes tedious if attempted in large quantities. The best part of it is that a small piece of it goes far. The method of the day is to use very little trimming, but make that little most brilliant and important. A patch of scarlet and yellow embroidery on a dead white gown is effective and artistic. A mass of this embroidery is not.

The woman who needs new white blouses for her coat suits or informal wear with white linen skirts, is getting eyelet embroidery and touching it off with a splash of oriental coloring to give it character. These blouses fasten down the front with crochet buttons, are finished with a frill of handkerchief linen or silk mull edged with picot lace, and then the embroidery, with the eyelets as a foundation, is carried out in some sweeping Egyptian design across the shoulders, at the bust, or on the edges of sleeves.

This is more effective on a peasant blouse cut without shoulder sleeves and armholes.

The entirely square blouse is coming more into use every day. The patterns for it are extremely simple. They require the material to be folded over to the required depth, a circle cut for the neck and straight underarm seams cut in one with straight undersleeve seams. As you easily see, there is little sewing to do. The underarm seams are stitched up, as are the seams under the sleeves. The front is opened, hemmed back and buttoned, and the trimming is what one desires.

There is nothing new about cretonne coats. They were worn last year, but they have been brought out again in a popular way. Sometimes the cretonne is merely used as a most important trimming. It is applied to a homespun linen in any color desired. Bands of it are put at all edges, including a four-inch hem at the bottom.

There is a wide incroyable collar, buttons covered with cretonne, and wide cuffs that flare back over the elbow on a short sleeve.

These coats reach to half way between the knees and hips, and many of them are cut away in front. They are put over thin white frocks, and some women wear them with foulard, marquisette, and veiling.

They are rather prettier over white than anything else. It may not be an ultra-nice suggestion, but if a frock is a little worn or not altogether fresh the coat, like charity, covers much. It gives distinction to what would be commonplace.

The smart ones are all cretonne, and the colors chosen are soft and cool looking rather than vivid and glaring. There is an attempt on the part of the ultra-smart designers to substitute these coats by tapestry ones, that give the same effect, but which are quite warm.

Virtue in Tapestry Coats.

They can only be worn on the coast or in the mountains. The cretonne is far the better choice for our climate unless one is going to spend vacation days in a cool climate, where there are formal social affairs.

If the tapestry coat, however, remains in fashion until next autumn it will make rather a pleasing garment for afternoon affairs. It will be made



Morning Gown of Dotted Foulard.

in an ornate style, with frills of good lace at neck and elbows, and will be fastened with gemmed buttons set in rims of metal.

This is the theory; it may not materialize. Women may not like this coat, and it will not last. It has its advantages, and I see no reason why it should not have a fair trial when the cold weather comes in.

The Long-Line Effect.

Which same might be entitled "the long-line effect and how to get it." For all of us must look like sylphs nowadays, and if Nature has been unkind, she must be gently assisted to kindness.

Nothing succeeds for this purpose, with the woman whose clothes are of her own devising, like the vertical band running down the front of the one-piece frock, almost from chin to toes.

The gown may open in this manner, so that there is a row of fabric-covered or pearl buttons or of braid rows all down the front, caught at the waist by a loose girdle. Many of the new skirts also open in the front, seeming nothing but wide oblongs of dress goods wrapped about the form femininely.

Or that long line may be a simulated opening, whereas the dress fastens quite conventionally in back. Then there is a frill effect of lawn or linen, deeply scalloped and perhaps edged with embroidery or itself embroidered. Indeed, a fold and a row of buttons in the exact vertical middle of a gown will give the desired effect with a minimum of trouble.

Then there is the tunic effect. A tucked underskirt and a tunic slashed down from the frilled Dutch collar to below the knees will make one look delightfully long and slim.

Moreover, simple defining embroidery will do a great deal; and there is always the sash, appropriately draped and fastened at shoulder and knee.

And the applied strip of embroidery over net, or of braiding, or dress goods figured in a contrasting color to the plain fabric, always succeeds in its effects, especially when the whole skirt is vertically plaited in wide folds and the applied band reaches entirely to the low-cut neck.

The important thing to remember is not to undo the effect, laboriously gained, of the straight front line by wide frills or tucks elsewhere in the gown. Let everything be subdued to this one feature, so that the idea of length is accentuated.

And so, all hail to the long-line effect.

SOIL FERTILITY IS WANING.

United States Agricultural Expert Predicts Exhaustion of Farm Land of Western Prairies.

The agricultural department at Washington is concerned about the exhaustion of the soil of the United States. On the prairies of the west fertility is beginning to wane. In many of the older communities fertility has been reduced below the point of profitable production. How to store and maintain productivity of soil is a most important phase of the conservation problem.

These observations are set forth in a farmers' bulletin prepared by W. J. Spillman, agriculturist in charge of the office of farm management of the agricultural department. Mr. Spillman says that in order that the prairie country may not follow the descent of the east and south it is necessary that intelligent and vigorous effort be made to farm correctly.

Renting of land on short leases for the purpose of growing grain for the market is one of the surest means of reducing the productive power of the soil. Well managed pastures and rational systems of crop rotation are necessary to the development of permanent systems of profitable farming.

Land owners must realize this, and must take steps to improve renting methods by stocking their farms with a full complement of domestic animals. In case the renter is not able to do this for himself, and by giving longer leases whereby the renter may reap the reward of intelligent management.

In view of the soil waste that has occurred, Mr. Spillman asserts, it is not surprising that values of farm products have risen to a marked degree in the last few years.

POTATO BUGS ARE AT WORK.

War Must Be Commenced Early and Continued With Vigilance—Paris Green Recommended.

Potato bugs are at work. They are an enemy to be poisoned by the potato grower. War must be commenced early and continued with vigilance. Paris green is the most highly recommended. It may be used as a spray, with a sprinkler, mixed with air slaked lime, flour, or fine, dry road dust, sifted over the potato plants when covered with dew or rain. In any form of application at least one pound of Paris green should be used per acre, but when the plants are large a greater amount may be required. The Minnesota Experiment station prefers to use Paris green mixed into a thin paste with water and then stirred in the larger volume of water to be used in a sprayer. Very good results, however, have been obtained by the use of a common sprinkler. Where the crop is large and it is possible to procure one, a power sprayer is advised and regarded as almost indispensable. Milk of lime, made by slaking two pounds of stone lime in water to each pound of Paris green, should be carefully strained into the poisonous mixture to prevent burning of the plants. Arsenate of lead may be used as a potato bug poison, but it is more expensive than Paris green. Paris green may be mixed with bordeaux mixture, when the mixture is used as a disease destroyer. In this case no additional lime need be added.

The Colony House.

The permanent colony house is not as good as the portable. The portable house is usually built upon runners similar to the common stone boat. In the spring and summer they are drawn upon the range, and in winter may be brought up near the feed house and arranged in rows, so it is almost as easy to care for the birds as if they were in a single continuous house. The colony-house system is in general use in England, and is practically the only system employed, says a writer in Baltimore American. These colony houses have wheels at each corner and no floors. I would advise those who contemplate going into the poultry business, no matter on what scale, to start with the colony system. It takes a little more work, but it is best in the end, and the chances of success are much greater than where the other plans are followed.

Use of Separator.

We make butter and think it pays much better than selling milk. We only have to take our butter to market once a week, while, if we sold our milk, we should have to go every day, and now we have our skim milk and buttermilk for pigs and chickens, and have all the cream we want and make as much money as if we sold milk. We have a tubular cream separator, barrel churn and a butter worker, says a writer in an exchange. We make about 180 pounds of butter a month from eight cows and we average over 32 cents for our butter the year round to private customers.

To Maintain Nitrogen.

Nitrogen must be maintained by legume crops, and the best legume for the corn belt is clover. The clover crop should be left on the ground. If removed, not much, if any, nitrogen is added to the soil. If the crop is removed and fed to average live stock and the manure given average care and hauled back to the field, the loss is nearly one-half of the plant food and three-fourths of the organic matter. If a good crop of clover is left on the ground once every three or four years, only the seeds being removed, it will supply sufficient nitrogen for quite large grain crops.

DEATH IN HOT SAND

SURVIVOR TELLS OF DEATH STRUGGLE ON THE DESERT.

Find Dead Rattlesnake in Well Containing Salty Water—One Man Dies and Others Are Rescued by Auto.

Berkeley, Cal.—His condition bordering on nervous collapse and hardly able to tell the story of his terrible experience, G. Herbert Masters, a young mining engineer, who was a member of a Borax lake expedition in which Charles Stracher Davidson, a graduate of the University of California Mining college, lost his life in the intense heat recently, has returned to his home in this city. He left five others of the party at Randsburg after the burial of Davidson in a rude desert grave on the shore of the lake, where he met his death. All of the others suffered terribly, but reached camp after twenty-four hours of torture in the broiling sun.

"We arrived at Randsburg and started on our trip across Borax lake," said Masters. "The lake is a mud deposit covered by a heavy crust. Our objective point was an old camp on the opposite shore, where we believed we would find prospectors. When we began drawing our line Davidson was prostrated with the heat, which was terrific. A little later he collapsed. Then he broke from us, and, running about fifty feet, fell on his face. One of the boys went back to him. He died shortly afterward."

"One by one we followed a course toward the opposite shore. When I arrived I discovered that there was no water. After several hours we found an old well, but the water was sulphurous and salty and at the bottom was a dead rattlesnake. Two of the original party of seven had gone to Randsburg for batteries when we started on the trip across the lake and that left four of us huddled together—Thomas A. Graves, a mining expert of Olean, N. Y.; David Bunkers, Norman Stein and myself."

"In the morning before sunrise we took a roundabout trail skirting the lake. When halfway across we met an automobile party and were carried the rest of the way in the machine."

"That afternoon we went on the seething mud lake again and got the body of Davidson. The boys made a rough pine box and we gave George the most decent burial we could give. His grave is out there in the sun, near the place where he died. The others of the party are used up, but they will recover. It was a terrible experience and I am through with the desert."

SAYS GHOST ATE A BISCUIT

Former Medium Tells Strange Stories of His Experiences at Seance of Spiritualists.

London.—Ghost stories of a highly interesting nature to believers and skeptics alike were related at a meeting of the City Temple Debating society.

The stories were told by George Spriggs, at one time a spiritualistic medium, and now the president of the Psycho-Therapeutic society. Every story, he said, was well authenticated. His own conviction was "that spirit communion is not only a possibility, but an actual and realized fact."

On one occasion, he said, a seance was held round a table at the residence of Rees Lewis of Cardiff. All the "sitters," including Father Butcher, a priest, and Rev. David Jones, kept their hands on the top of the table. In about five minutes raps were heard, and on looking under the table there were found small bunches of grapes, a branch from an apple tree, one from a pear tree, bunches of wheat and barley and some peas. One of the reverend gentlemen exclaimed: "This is as near a miracle as possible."

Describing some of his experiences in Melbourne, Mr. Spriggs said that at one seance a spirit form, dressed in a white gown and red girdle, drank half a tumbler of water and ate a biscuit.

Weighing machines were used to ascertain the distinguishing features between the medium and the materialized forms, "and," said Mr. Spriggs, "I found that as a result of the seance I had lost about three pounds in weight." The first spirit form who stepped on the scales turned the beam at 100 pounds, but subsided so rapidly in weight as to prevent a successive record being taken. Indeed, failing to turn the scale at 80 pounds, he hurriedly retreated. Returning again, his weight was registered at 104 pounds, then 102 pounds, and then under 100 pounds.

Doctor Mueller, who was present, distinctly felt the pulsation of the forms, the medium being shown sitting on his chair immediately afterwards. Doctor Motherwell also found the beating of the heart to be quite natural.

One of the "sitters" contrived to smear his hands with printer's ink before grasping that of the materialized form. When the medium was examined, however, the skeptic was grievously disappointed to find no traces whatever of the ink which he had impressed upon the hand of the form.

A Tinge of Suspicion.

"That speaker always starts off," said Farmer Courtessell, "by telling what the country needs."

"Naturally and properly," I s'pose so. Only I notice that when a man goes out of his way to tell me what I need it's always something in his particular line o' goods."

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 2, 1910.

SMOKE CONSUMERS IN SHASTA COUNTY AID AGRICULTURISTS

Farmers' Victory Over Smelters May Result in Invasion of Settlers.

Coram.—If the constructing engineer in charge of the building of the Cottrell smoke-consuming device is not held back by a delayed shipment of materials, the consumer will be far enough on its way to completion and usefulness to allow of the operation of one furnace September 15. All else at the smelter is ready for the resumption of work. The principal delay was caused by the slow shipment of three 60,000-volt transformers from the General Electric Company. The company made an examination of the transformers and finding them unsuitable for the heavy strain to be put upon them, held up the order and rebuilt the transformers. No work is now being done at the mine.

Shasta county contains considerable available farming land; but the damage to crops and vegetation and tree growths of all kinds by the poisonous fumes within a radius of 20 miles or more of the smelters made farming unprofitable and for many years past stopped new settlement and agricultural development in the county. It took a long period of costly litigation on the part of the farmers located within the affected area to force the smelting companies to put in smoke-purifying plants.

Gompers is Optimistic.

Washington.—President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, prepared his annual Labor Day review for the Labor Day edition of the 'Federationist,' in which he says: "The Federation never was in better fighting trim. The big international unions were never better provided with munitions for big struggles. I believe that I can read in the composite voice of the pulpits, press and platform the fact that the sentiment of the people has turned toward the necessity for the recognition of unionism."

Referring to the contempt cases pending in the Federal Court against Gompers, Morrison and Mitchell, Gompers says: "Whoever sees that, in this matter, the rights of man are being menaced by the undue extension of the rights claimed for property, and that the courts are justly limited in powers by the constitution, will also speedily see that the case is no mere petty matter of defiance of the courts by labor agitators, but concerns the future of every citizen in rights vital under the republic."

Salt Palace Destroyed.

Salt Lake.—Salt Palace, built to represent a structure of salt, and one of the scenic features of Salt Lake, has been destroyed by fire, entailing an uninsured loss of \$25,000. Defective wiring was the cause of the blaze. Salt Palace has been used for a number of years as an amusement resort, and its bicycle saucer track was one of the finest of its kind in the world. The walls of Salt Palace, built in 1899, were constructed of salt, hauled from Great Salt Lake and moulded into solid blocks.

Shortage of Prune Pickers.

Gilroy.—The reopening of schools in this city and in some of the neighboring districts has shortened the supply of help for picking prunes in the orchards in the southern section of the valley and many of the fruit men are threatened with loss. The school children are the mainstay of the prune growers, picking the small fruit off the ground.

Must Take Their Nip Publicly.

Los Angeles.—Under a recently adopted ordinance the Police Commission has ruled that Los Angeles saloons must have a clear-glass front and glass doors and no screens, so that any passer-by may view the interior. The commission also decided that free lunches may be served, but the so-called "commercial" lunch was tabooed.

WORLD'S NEWS OF THE WEEK SUMMARIZED

Adventures of the Children of Mother Earth Related in Condensed Form.

Comprehensive Review of Passing Events in Every Quarter of the Terrestrial Globe.

New York.—Thomas F. Ryan and his sons are preparing to enter the field of private banking to compete with the big Wall Street firms.

Paris.—Mary Stoll of Philadelphia has ascended Mount Winklerturn in the Tyrol. She is the first woman to ascend the high and dangerous peak.

Portsmouth, England.—The British Admiralty has decided to build an experimental motor-driven battleship, propelled by an internal combustion gas engine.

Shanghai.—The steamship Manchuria, which sailed last week, has on board Prince Tsai Hsun and his suite, composing the naval mission which will spend some time in America studying the United States navy.

Denver, Colo.—An egg weighing 84 ounces was what Mrs. A. Scott, a poultry fancier of this city, found in the nest of one of her Plymouth Rock hens. It was believed to be the record hen's egg, and has been placed on exhibition. The ordinary weight of a hen's egg is two ounces.

Berlin.—Crown Prince Frederick William will not visit the United States after his trip to India and the Far East. Count von Bismarck-Bohlen, Lord Chamberlain to the household of the Crown Prince, stated definitely that the Crown Prince would not return by way of the United States.

Guthrie.—Miss Jane Haskell, 18 years of age, daughter of Governor C. N. Haskell, has left for Cincinnati to begin her studies for the stage, expecting to become a member of some theatrical aggregation during the present winter. Miss Haskell was a student of the Northwestern Normal school at Alva last year.

New York.—The American bark Winslow, which has arrived at New York with a cargo, is the only vessel on the seas which carries a touring car slung in its davits as a piece of auxiliary apparatus. The skipper, Captain Krum, unloads the automobile whenever he reaches port and uses it in his business trips to and from the dock.

Chicago.—The Federal Grand Jury, which has been investigating the so-called beef trust, will look into charges of fraud in connection with the manufacture and sale of butterine. This was learned when five witnesses, brought secretly from the Federal Prison at Fort Leavenworth, appeared in the office of the United States Marshal. The witnesses are all convicted butterine "moonshiners."

Paris.—The engagement of Miss Eleanor H. Steele, eldest daughter of Charles Steele of New York, J. P. Morgan's partner, to the Count Jean de la Greze has been announced. They will be married in New York. The Count is penniless, but the large dowry his wife will bring him will enable him to play a leading part in French society. He is an attache of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Wilson, N. C.—While several young men were passing an unused well they heard groans. Upon investigating they found a man named Oscar Norris standing up to his shoulders in water, ravenously devouring a live frog. On July 30 he was struck on the head with a stone and was supposed to have been secreted by three of the Jones brothers of Charles Creek. A warrant has been sworn out for the Jones boys.

Indianapolis.—Supposed to be dead for four years, Samuel Stephens came back to life and his wife last week, to find her the wife of another. She was known to her friends and neighbors as Mrs. William Hall. Just before Mrs. Stephens was arrested on a charge of bigamy, made by the police, Stephens went to her home and took away with him Fred, aged six, who was a baby of two years when his father left home. Stephens then disappeared.

Chicago.—Chicago is to have a theater with a woman's smoking room and a ticket-selling system especially for women. It will cost \$3,000,000. "The theater is to be built looking toward the comfort of the patrons, said a representative of the company. "Many women dislike to go into a theater rest room because of the smoke. Others, who desire to smoke, don't care to do so in the presence of women who find the habit objectionable. By having a smoking room separated from the general rest room for women, we can please them all."

SUMMARY OF PAST WEEK'S COAST NEWS

Interesting Events Among Our Neighbors in the Far West Reviewed.

What Has Transpired on the Border of the Broad Pacific From Alaska to Mexico.

Anacortes, Wash.—Anacortes went wet at the local option election by 54 votes. There were 756 ballots cast.

San Francisco.—Competent Rugby coaches are in demand at the present time at the various colleges and high schools about the bay.

Orting, Wash.—The Temperance forces carried Orting. The vote was 132 dry and 100 wet. Orting is the seat of the State Soldiers' Home.

San Jose.—Observatory Parlor No. 177, N. S. G. W., has disposed of its stock in the Native Sons' Hall Association and will erect a club house of its own.

Reno, Nev.—Workmen doing street work in the very center of Reno uncovered a 10-foot ledge of copper. The ledge is apparently permanent and was encountered 10 feet from the surface.

Sacramento.—Governor Gillett has appointed Mark B. Kerr of Nevada City to act as a delegate to the American Mining Congress, which meets at Los Angeles from September 26 to October 1.

London.—Claude Graham-White, the English aviator, who was beaten by Louis Paulhan in the attempt to fly from London to Manchester, said before he sailed for Boston that he would give exhibition flights in San Francisco from September 24 to October 4.

Berkeley.—William A. Edwards, holder of the intercollegiate record over the high hurdles, and captain elect of the university track team, has disappointed the blue and gold camp by announcing that he will not return to college this year, but will enter the University of Pennsylvania.

Pasadena.—Tobacco smokers are not to be molested in Pasadena street cars. The committee appointed some time ago to consider the anti-smoke ordinance, has reported that it would be class legislation to restrict men as to smoking and allow women to wear merry widow hats. The council agreed with the committee.

Crockett.—It is stated that the Eppinger warehouse and the Bankers' warehouse here have been purchased by the Western Grain and Sugar Products Company, a branch of the Western Distilleries Company, and will be turned into a factory for the manufacture of molasses products, principally in the nature of live stock foods, with which are used hay and alfalfa.

San Anselmo.—The board of trustees has decided to erect a \$10,000 town hall and a new fire house. The municipality is now spending \$50,000 in the building of roads and bridges and the installation of a sanitary system. The Northwestern Pacific railroad has also built a large railroad bridge and installed double tracks at the junction of its San Rafael and Cazadero lines. An artistic station house of the mission style of architecture will be built.

Sacramento.—The omission in the Governor's call for a special session of the Legislature of any word of the confirmation of the appointments made since the last session of the Legislature indicates that Governor Gillett will look to the 1911 Senate and the good graces of the coming Governor to back up his appointments of State Superintendent of Banks, State Insurance Commissioner and two vacancies among the Harbor Commissioners.

San Francisco.—The downtown association has suggested that an oriental arch be erected at the entrance of Chinatown. The arch will consist of four pillars 353 feet high, from the top of which will be suspended four huge dragons that meet in the center. In the center will be a large red ball. An automatic sparkler will cause the lights to flash as if the dragons were in action and endeavoring to devour the ball. The Chinese merchants are co-operating in this matter.

Alameda.—Secretary A. D. Goldworthy of the Board of Electricity has compiled a report of the total earnings of the electric light and power plant for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, which were \$109,973.81. The total cost of production was \$67,789.03, leaving the net earnings \$42,184.78. Included in the total cost of production is \$13,414.52, allowed for interest, taxes and depreciation. The total number of patrons of the city's electricity department July 1, 1910, was 2887, a gain of 397 for the fiscal year.

LADS OF AYRSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

Scotch Boys Reminded a Traveler of American Youngsters.

The carrier's wagonette was approaching. The grand big horse, Mr. Hendry, himself a small, white-haired, apple-cheeked man, with a keen, twinkling light in his eyes, and the load of women, babies and boys which filled every part of the vehicle, made a picture of rustic locomotion, and there was a fine display of courtesy when the boys jumped out to walk, a writer in Scribner's says. The mothers crowded close together and the babies were allowed to sit on our knees. English country boys, though I like them well enough, do not remind me of American boys; but Scotch boys, especially the barefoot village boys of Ayrshire, reminded me individually of this, and the other companion of my youth. The eye which never loses sight of yours, the bare, free brow, the freckles, the plucky mouth, the engaging air of freedom and enterprise and humor, in more than one Ayrshire face, brought up the image of a little group of schoolmates now scattered from Pennsylvania to New Mexico.

The Scotch boys whom I've met on roads and hillsides have always been about some business of their own and very much interested in its outcome—evidently had something on their minds, some adventure in hand. They were hurrying to some rendezvous or warily returning with jars and cans full of tadpoles or with strings of fish or combs of wild honey.

Lessons from the Past.

Gen. Jackson had won the battle of New Orleans.

"Well," he said, "I suppose there's no help for it; they'll make me President for this some day."

Even thus early, as we see, the crude beginnings of the great doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils were taking shape in his mind.

Unadditional Facts.

The Trojans had hauled the wooden horse inside the gates of their city.

"It has a rather suspicious look about it," they said; "but it isn't a steam roller, anyway."

Well had it been for them, however, as we see by the light of the subsequent facts, if they are stamped out then and there.

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CATHOLIC.

Colma—Mass, 9:30 a. m. Ocean View—7:35, and 11:00.

South San Francisco—8:30.

Vista Grande M. E. Church—Rev. David Ralston, Pastor; Rev. J. E. Pescott, Asst.—Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursdays; Junior League, Saturdays, 2:30 p. m.; Mrs. Meeth, Supt.; Epworth League, Sundays, 6:30 p. m.; Miss Ada Turner, Pres.; Ladies Aid, alternate Tuesdays, 2:30 p. m.; Mrs. Redding, Pres.

Grace Presbyterian Church—Rev. Olney Kinkaid Walker, pastor (Res., 211 Crocker Bld.). Preaching 8 p. m. Sunday School, 10 a. m.

POSTOFFICE NOTICE.

Postoffice open daily from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order window opened from 7 A. M. to 5:45 P. M. Letters for registration must be posted half an hour previous to the time for closing the mail. Mails are dispatched from office 15 minutes before train time.

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IN WAR ON INSECTS

Dr. Howard Kills Crop Destroyers by Scientific Methods.

Parasites Cultivated to Prey Upon Injurious Bugs—Washington Hears Miss Elkins Will Become Mrs. William Hitt.

Washington.—The history of crop failures due to the effect of harmful and destructive insects is a well-known one. For many years the growers of wheat, cotton, fruit and other produce have been harassed and even defied by these parasites that eke out their existence by destroying millions and even billions of dollars' worth of the harvests of the country.

The destruction and blighting of the crops caused by harmful insects has long been made a study by the agricultural authorities at Washington, and the results in the direction of rid-



Dr. L. O. Howard.

ding the country of such pests have been very favorable in every way. Dr. L. O. Howard, head of the bureau of entomology at Washington, the largest and most efficient organization of its kind in the world, has become the leading exponent and the acknowledged expert of the cult of setting an insect to kill an insect—the science of parasitology.

The method used by Dr. Howard is to suppress the harmful insects and to foster the useful ones, that is to destroy the destroyers by abetting the destroyers of the destroyers. Thus has arisen a new and ingenious branch of scientific endeavor, the expert culture of insect parasites. Already a number of the most important pests have been reduced to innocuousness by the insects of prey which have been set upon the trail; and while many others must still be combated imperfectly by artificial methods, relentless science is scouring the world for the tiny many-legged hounds which shall eventually hunt them down.

Theoretically every insect has its own specific enemy or enemies. These may prey upon it directly as certain beetles prey upon the larvae of the foliage-destroying moths; or they may feed upon its eggs, as is the case with many ladybirds, or they may deposit their own eggs either within the body or the egg of the victim, thereby destroying the immediate or prospective generation. Always these enemies tend to keep the insect pests within normal limitations. Doubtless in many cases the parasite would wholly destroy a species were it not for the existence of hyper-parasites which prey upon it and keep it from overexpansion. In a state of nature this balance between the various species is automatically preserved until man with his ignorance of their nature enters and disturbs the whole status.

Insect immigration has been the curse of American agriculture. Of our 72 importantly destructive species—those whose destructive powers amount up to millions of dollars annually—35 have come to us from other countries. The codling moth, the curse of apple and pear orchards, is of European origin. The dreaded cotton boll-weevil hails from Mexico. The San Jose scale comes from the immemorial east. The gypsy moth and the brown-tail moth, twin plagues of New England trees, were brought in by accident from the old world.

As soon as an imported insect shows signs of becoming formidable, experts trace it from country to country until they find a region where it has been known for a long time, but has never reached the proportions of a pest. In such a place they are pretty sure to find a parasite which is keeping the predator down. If they can acclimatize that parasite and establish it side by side with the importation, the problem is solved. Such was the method in the case of the white or fluted scale invasion of California. The scale was imported by a collector of plants at San Jose, probably from Australia. In a few years it had spread enormously, and was simply wiping out the orange crop wherever it gained a foothold. Working in conjunction with the progressive state authorities of California the United States bureau of entomology sent an emissary to Australia, where the scale was discovered in what was then supposed to be its original environment. With the Australian scale, and preying upon its eggs, was found a small red-and-black ladybird, the Novius cardinalis. One hundred of these were brought back to California, bred and distributed. To the terrified and skeptical orange growers

the result must have seemed miraculous. Within two years from the time when the first ladybird began to break fast on scale eggs, the victory was completely won. It was more than a victory; it was a slaughter. Since then the white scale, while it is not wholly eliminated and never will be, has ceased to be an element of peril to the citrus orchards of California.

Occasionally at practically no cost, science wins a victory. The experts by turning their glass upon the clover seed midge found that it produced two generations coincident with the clover crop. Generation number one was never very damaging. But generation number two often destroyed the whole second crop. This being ascertained, the farmers were instructed to cut the first crop ten days earlier. Thus the adult midges were laid away with the crop before any but the most forehanded had laid their eggs. By this procedure the second growth of clover escaped attack.

From an economic viewpoint much of the most important work of parasitization is yet to be done. The discovery of a parasitic destroyer of the ox warble, for example, would mean a saving of \$8,000,000 yearly in the value of cattle which come to the Chicago stockyards alone. Somewhere, perhaps, a form of insect is missing its opportunities, which might be employed in ridding American grain fields of the chinch bug, thereby saving a loss of as high as \$60,000,000 in bad years. There is a crying need of successful parasitic checks upon the Mediterranean flour moth, the army worm, the striped cucumber beetle, the house-breaking moth, which corrupts our stored clothing, and the peach tree borer, to name only a few familiar species with expensive appetites. But the greatest potential discovery is that of the parasitic benefactor which should perform upon the American house fly or the mosquito the miracle of exorcism which St. Patrick wrought on the snakes of Erin. In round numbers \$300,000,000 would not be an overestimate of the consequent saving in human life and earning power, plus the increased value of real estate.

MISS ELKINS TO WED AMERICAN.

Washington.—To see married the girl it was thought would be his bride, is the luck of the duke of the Abruzzi. What kind of luck it is for the duke to tell, if he will.

William F. Hitt, who seems to have made a greater hit than his dukeship, is the luckier man, and the kind of luck he is in is plain to appreciate.

Katherine Elkins is the girl in the case. She is the girl whose name for two years past has been linked with that of the duke, and to forget his sorrow in not winning her it was said he went to Africa to hunt tigers. And now he is coming to Washington to see the girl he lost won by another man.

The wedding is promised for the early days of the next social season



THIS KATHERINE ELKINS

here. The announcement was made recently by friends of Hitt at the Chevy Chase club, and settles the status of the friendship of the young couple, which for two years has pre- saged their engagement. The engagement will be announced when Miss Elkins returns to America in October.

Miss Elkins and Mr. Hitt formed part of the bridal table party at the wedding of Miss Mathilde Townsend to Peter Goelet Gerry of New York, and that the traditional bouquet of the bride, as well as the piece of cake to be used "under the pillow," has revealed that they would be the next to plight their troth.

Miss Elkins, the ranking belle of Washington, is abroad with her mother, while Mr. Hitt is traveling with his mother, and both are following practically the same route of travel. It is regarded as certain that the duke of the Abruzzi will be present.

Senator Elkins and ex-Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, father and grand- father of the bride-to-be, are elated over the match. Hitt is the son of the late Robert R. Hitt.

Worse.

Dick—There's one thing about Louise, she never repeats stories about her woman friends.

Ethel—Repeats! No, indeed; she starts them.—Boston Evening Transcript.

A MAN OF ACTION

By DONALD ALLEN

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The afternoon tea was over, and the widow Chalmers sat down to think. There had been present Mr. Charles Montague. He loved to be called Charlie. He spoke with a drawl. He was always bored. He hadn't ambition enough to throw one of his numerous creditors downstairs.

And there was Philip Manchester. He had a studio used for smoking alone, and he was waiting for his aunt to die and leave him a hundred thousand dollars. He was a languisher.

And Capt. Noble had put his hand on his heart and started to propose to her, and was stopped only by a second cup of tea. He belonged to the Horse Marines, or some other military body, and was extremely proud of his drooping mustache.

Also, there was Reggy Pendergast, the society pet. He wrote sonnets and stole poems. He cultivated a lisp and a blush. He always held some one's poodle dog in his lap when he sat down, and the ladies spoke admiringly of his eccentricity.

And there was— But what was the use? There was only one gentleman present worth remembering, and he had vexed her a little by his attitude. He had scarcely paid her a compliment. He hadn't come and dawdled and departed, but had remained less than half an hour. He hadn't chummed with the dawdlers. He had betrayed no eccentricity. She couldn't remember who had brought him, but she had liked his face and the little he said. Franklin was the name he had given— Worth Franklin.

There were a dozen chaps who would have given a dollar or two to be assured that the widow Chalmers remembered them after their departure from one of her teas. She was on the right side of thirty, handsome, and rich, and not at all understood by society. Society picked out this one and that one for her to marry, and he was a dawdler. He was a ladies' tea man. He was a talker of small talk. He had eccentricities and a drawl. She was given credit for a fat bank account, good looks and a good figure, but her nature was supposed to be frivolous. She could sign a check, but was not supposed ever to have heard of the tariff or cold storage.

And the widow recalled the face of Worth Franklin and somehow felt glad that he had called in and towered over



It Was Furious.

the other men. And when she thought of the silliness and the foppery and the hypocrisy of it all she wrote out a telegram to her dear friend, Mrs. Lee, early in the country, and said she was coming to visit her, and would be there on the evening train next day.

Mr. Worth Franklin was an architect just getting a foothold. He had ambition, earnestness and perseverance, but nothing in bank and no old aunts to leave him a legacy. A citizen down at Glendale wanted a modest little skyscraper, and some one told him of Mr. Franklin, and he wrote to him to come down. The architect telegraphed in reply, and so it was electricity as well as steam that landed him and the widow at the village depot together. They did not occupy the same car coming down, and as both were bundled up for stormy weather they did not recognize each other when they got off.

And the weather, which had been threatening all day to play high jinks, broke with a blizzard and things began to howl. There was no carriage from Mrs. Lee's; no man who wanted a skyscraper! The other passengers struck out for their homes and were lost to sight, and the architect and the widow found themselves in a box. At least the depot agent looked at them and grinned and said:

"No hacks for the hotel tonight. No hacks for anywhere. Telephone has gone dead, it's going to snow all night, and you will have to sit here by the stove till morning."

The agent was working for \$45 per month, with no chance to make anything on the outside, and had lost \$5 at poker the night before, and he took pleasure in making the announcement.

It was when the widow exclaimed, "Oh, dear, but what shall I do!" that the architect recognized her voice and reintroduced himself. She was glad to see him and shook hands heartily. She

felt right away that something would be doing.

"Fill up this stove!" he commanded, as he turned to the agent.

He was grudgingly obeyed, but at the same time asked if he thought he was running that railroad.

"And now what's the matter with your telephone? Ah, I see. A boy ten years old could fix it in five minutes. There's a livery stable in town of course. What's the number?"

"It's 432, but you won't get no hack. The man is drunk and his driver has quit."

"Ring! Ring! Ring! No answer."

"But you won't go out in this storm?" said the widow as the architect turned up his coat collar.

"Back in half an hour," he replied as he passed out.

Yes! the owner of the only public stables in the town was asleep in his own barn. He was locked in, but the door was pried open. He woke up and objected and was flung into a stall. A horse was led out, harnessed to a cutter, and the drunken man objected again. This time he was pitched into the snow. In forty minutes Mr. Franklin drove up to the depot. It was snowing and blowing, and it was the horse who found the way.

"And now for Mrs. Lee's."

"But—but I don't know the way. All I know is that it's about a mile away."

The agent had gone across the road to stand up to declare that the rich were growing richer and the poor poorer, and that the life blood was being ground out of him, when some one entered and grabbed him by the arm and demanded to know where Mrs. Lee lived.

"Never heard of her," he replied as he saw that it was the architect.

"Then you'd better get posted at once. Come on!"

And Mr. Franklin ran him across the street and into the depot and up to Mrs. Chalmers, and said:

"Tell the lady where Mrs. Lee lives, and tell her quick!"

"'Bout a mile up the road, on the right hand side. Big trees in front."

"Thanks. I can find it."

"But you can't, not in this storm, and if you get froze to death—"

But the widow and the architect were already passing out into the storm. It was furious. The horse must be left to take his own gait. He took it and brought up at the livery stable. The drunken owner awoke and objected, but the equine was turned around, the gad applied. This time he started for somewhere. He was half way there, and he was going along with his eyes shut when he stumbled and fell.

"And now we are surely lost!" cried the widow.

Mr. Franklin jumped out and had the old nag on his four legs in two minutes. Twenty rods farther on an abandoned wagon was found across the road, and the old horse crashed into it and sat down. Mr. Franklin rolled it aside into the ditch, assisted the horse to stand, and in ten minutes more he was making the doorbell at the Lee mansion ring all kinds of joyous sounds. When the door was opened he stood there with a snow woman in his arms, and having surrendered her to friends he called a good night and returned to the horse. Next day, while he was talking with the man who wanted the modest skyscraper, a note was handed him. It asked the man of action if he would kindly call somewhere and receive somebody's thanks.

He called and he was thanked, and if such little romances don't lead to admiration, love and engagements what does become of them?

VERY MODEST SCHOOL MA'AM

No Doubt She Meant Well, but Superintendent Overruled Her Ideas as "Bosh."

Miss Anna Sayre, principal of the Lincoln primary school of Newark, N. J., believes that modesty is the crowning virtue of woman and that its principles cannot be inculcated too early. Therefore, she forbade little girls to come to school during the hot weather without gimpes in their dresses, and would not allow the little boys to attend without collars.

"I have tried to teach modesty in the schoolroom," she says. "I deemed dresses cut six inches low front and back decidedly immodest and indecent. We cannot start too early to teach modesty in dress nowadays. My ideas may seem old fashioned, but if it is old fashioned to teach morals I am glad to be so termed."

Miss Sayre's order against low dresses on her six and seven-year-old charges caused much indignation among Newark mothers. The order was disobeyed by many, and the insubordinate ones were kept after school and made to write "gimpe" on the blackboard until their little hands were tired. Then the mothers appeared to Superintendent of Schools Poland. Being a man, he took a man's view of the subject.

"Bosh!" he remarked tersely. "Let 'em wear gimpes or not, as they like. What difference does it make, anyway?"

The boys had practically the same experience. Seeing how comfortable the little girls looked in their low-necked dresses, the boys doffed their collars for all. Another appeal to Mr. Poland resulted in the same ruling as in the case of the girls.

Those Questions.

Wadsworth (at the telephone)—Hello, is this natn 3967?

Voice at the Other End—Yes, who are you?

Wadsworth—Is Hammersley there?

Voice at the other End—Yes. Do you want to talk to him?

Wadsworth—No. I want to kiss him.

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LOVE AMONG THE BONNETS

By CORINNE JACKSON

"Frances," said the soft voice, "bring me another pair of those wings, please."

The young girl waiting beyond the drawn curtains of the alcove, obeyed, and Louise Ward, designer and head milliner for Marshall Mills, laid the wings beside a corresponding pair which flared across the broad moire hat she was showing to the fastidious woman who sat before the mirror. The effect was immediate, and the woman's bored countenance warmed to interest.

"Why, that is magical!" she exclaimed.

Louise deftly set the hat upon the elaborately dressed head and stood aside that the woman might study her reflection.

"Yes," she said at last, "you have carried out my idea exactly. I will take the hat."

Louise smiled. They always said that, and yet it was her idea that they adopted and considered as their own—her idea so cleverly suggested, presented, insisted upon, so artfully concealed that they did not suspect the origin. Her wonderful tact, added to her artistic ability, had kept her in her place for 14 years, and earned for her a salary that would have pleased most men. She held the curtains aside, and as this customer passed out another stood waiting to enter. It was the regular routine of the day. And the day was drawing to a close. Since nine o'clock that morning with the exception of a bare half-hour for lunch, she had been upon her feet, designing, fitting, directing, always outwardly calm, smiling, soft-voiced. The two young girls who stood at her bidding had never seen her frown in anger.

Yet, though no one guessed it, she was in reality, very tired—so tired that she had to steel herself to endure from one moment to the next. Her feet ached, her head throbbed, her eyes burned and her face felt stiff with smiling. Her plentiful hair, ash blonde and slightly gray, had become loosened with the trying on many hats for when one is very beautiful in a



Louise Added Another Purchase to Her List.

certain shape, one's customer naturally expects to look the same, and is urged to make a purchase. White hats and black, big, medium, little hats; tall, wide, droopy hats, all looked fetching above Louise's attractive face. Even the plainest woman who sat before her mirror went away believing that they somewhat resembled her in the hats.

Above the head of her last customer she saw her own face with fine lines of weariness showing about the eyes and purplish depression at each nostril. She patted a lock of her hair into place and went on talking.

"Black is too somber for you. You need color and height," she set the green turban in place. "Is not this your idea?"

"It is indeed!" said the woman. And Louise added another purchaser to her list.

It was closing time now. She pinned on her own simple black hat, restful looking after the extravagant shapes and pronounced colors she had handled all day, donned her black coat and gloves, and walked out of the store alone. Though she was always so charmingly cordial of manner, it was always manner and did not necessarily admit any one of her intimacy. Of the 35 milliners who worked under her, there was not one to whom she would have committed or from whom she would have received a confidence. And there was not a man in Marshall Mills' whole establishment who would have dared offer her the familiarity of accompanying her home.

It had been raining all the afternoon, but now the rain had ceased, leaving the streets unpleasantly wet. Louise usually walked home rather than hang to a strap in a crowded car. But tonight she decided that she preferred the car. As usual it was packed with homegoers. She appropriated a strap and hung upon it wearily. As the car jolted around a curve she lost her balance somewhat and her shoulder came in sudden sharp contact with a larger one—the ulster-clad shoulder of a man who was

clinging to a strap opposite her own. He turned at her low "pardon!" and they looked into each other's faces closely. His was thin and dark—a face not noticeable in any way save for its strength and a certain three-cornered scar above the left eyebrow. Only one man in the world, Louise knew, had such a scar as that and she had given it to him. Into her mind flashed the memory of a scene—a boy and girl quarreling. The girl had been ironing some doll clothes and she had a tiny flatiron in her hand. Angrily she flung the iron at the boy, who fell with a trickle of blood across his white cheek from an ugly wound which had resulted in an ugly scar—this scar. Of course she knew him.

"I'm sure I can't be mistaken. It is Duncan, isn't it?"

"It certainly is, Louise. How do you do?" their free hands met. "This is as pleasant as it is unexpected. How glad I am to see you again."

She smiled. Fourteen years spent in serving an exacting public had taught her self-control and she was thankful for it now. She spoke with the necessary amount of frank delight:

"And I am just as glad to see you. But how do you come here? I thought you were in Oregon."

"I came east about two weeks ago, urged by a hunger to see the old places and the old faces. Business brought me into town today."

They fell into the conversation of renewed acquaintance, ever mindful of the strangers who might be listening. By the time they had reached the house where Louise boarded she had received and accepted from him an invitation to dine and to attend the theater afterward.

He waited in the parlor while she went upstairs to dress. The instant her door closed upon her Louise forgot that she had been overtired and nervous; she felt buoyant, elated. Color came to her cheeks and light to her eyes. And, oh, what should she wear? It was so long since she had been out to dinner. And with a man—Duncan!—ah, there was that catch at her heart again! Duncan of the scar! As her trembling hands turned and coiled the lengths of her hair she looked at her excited face in the glass and wondered if he still thought it as fair as it had been 14 years ago, when he had last seen it. She had just come from her apprenticeship in New York, so highly recommended, however, that Marshall Mills had felt it safe in intrusting to her the bonneting of his feminine customers. She had been so happy, so eager. From a poor girl, with no talent save the hitherto doubtful one of tying bows and sticking flowers together, she saw herself in a way to earn a good living. Money was so much needed in her family. As for her beauty, it had not yet developed sufficiently to be of interest to herself or any one else. When Duncan More, with whose had played and fought as a little girl and been on friendly terms with ever since he had asked her to marry him, she had been shocked. That Duncan should wish to marry her! It was absurd, and she told him so.

"I won't marry anyone, I want to work!" she said hotly.

"Well," Duncan had replied, tossing his hat in the air and catching it absently, "then it's the west for mine. Goodbye Lou, maybe you'll never see me again."

For 14 years she had heard almost nothing concerning him. She conceived the notion that he was not doing so well as he might. He had never been able to keep the money he earned. Louise had always felt inclined to scoff at him as lacking essentially some qualities, but tonight she forgot that. She was so genuinely glad to see him. She had never dreamed she could be so glad.

She went down to him such a vision as might have dazzled eyes more used to the conventionalities of life than Duncan's. He stammered out a compliment. Then he handed her out to the taxicab that stood waiting to take them first to a restaurant, then to the best play of the season.

"I don't know why it is," Louise mused, going home, "but we seem to be better friends than ever before in our lives."

"It's because we are older," he answered, "and experience has taught us the value of some extremely vital things. Of friendship and perhaps also of love. You must know Louise, that I came back to see you, to learn what my long absence had meant to you. You see, I always felt that there would come a time when you would be glad to see me, when life would mean something more to you than French millinery." He laid his hand over her two clasped ones. "Has the time come?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Louise said, and her voice vibrated in a way new to him. "I guess I have had too many hats and too little companionship—friendship—sympathy, love. Since mother died and my sister married and went away I have been alone. It is an awful thing to be alone. I've had chances to marry, of course, but there has never been any man save one that I was willing to—marry."

Suddenly she threw her arms about him and sank against his shoulder sobbing a little wildly:

"Oh, Duncan, I never want to tie another bow in all my life! I want to cook and sweep and bake in a house of my own, for somebody—I love and who loves me. It has taken me fourteen years to find it out, but tonight I know—I know—"

As he held her close, hushing her dear confession with glad kisses, the taxicab stopped and the chauffeur sat wondering what had happened to his fares.

FARM, GARDEN, DAIRY, ORCHARD

HORSE NOTES.

A good-looking foot on a horse does not always mean a sound foot.

It is just as important to ventilate the horse barn as the house.

Many a boy has fallen in love with the farm because he was given a colt "all his own."

If a horse shows signs of exhaustion give him a rest. He is more valuable than your time.

The man who tries to economize on service fees must not be surprised if his colts bring small prices.

The time to treat an ailing horse is when you first notice it. You can't afford to put it off a day or two.

A carelessly fitted bridle often causes such a sore mouth that the horse eats and drinks with difficulty.

The best farmers in a community usually have the best teams. Others may have more showy harnesses, but when it comes to real horseflesh they are not in the same class.

The horse says: "Don't leave me tied in my stall with a cob or two on the floor for me to lie down on. I can't select a smooth place, and, besides, I am tired and want to rest."

To Prevent Swarming.

Bees swarm because of lack of room. If, instead of using a single hive, you use one of double capacity, or one on top of the other, the swarming tendency will be very much curtailed; so the best way is to use hives of large size, or those of ordinary size, one piled on top of the other. The bees and queens should be given plenty of room.

At the beginning of the season one story of a Langstroth hive will be enough. Just before fruit-bloom opens up another story should be added, containing empty combs or frames of comb foundation, and as the season advances more stories are required.

A large entrance should be provided at the bottom of each story so as to keep the bees inside the hive, for if the bees cluster out in front they will be sure to swarm; so there should be enough room to keep the bees inside the hive at work.

Colonies worked this way may store from 50 to 200 pounds of fine honey.

Some colonies handled in this way may swarm, but they will not be very many. In such cases put over the entrance an alley trap. This will allow the worker bees to pass in and out, but when the queen comes out with a swarm she is trapped, because she cannot go through the same slot the workers go through.

While the swarm is in the air the trap containing the queen is taken off, the old hive is removed and a new one containing combs or frames put in its place. The trap is then placed in front of the new hive, now on the old stand, and in twenty minutes or one-half hour the swarm in the air will return and go into the new hive.—Orchard and Farm.

Utilize the By-Products.

Dairying may be profitably combined with poultry keeping, with fruit raising or with pig growing. With any of these combinations one is able to have two substantial incomes, utilize the waste products, and give profitable employment the entire year to hired help. If the whole milk is sold to village or city trade, fruit growing and dairying are the best combinations, the manure being used to fertilize the orchard and land for growing forage crops. Where cream or butter only is sold, dairying and pig or poultry raising are a good combination, the skim milk and buttermilk being fed to the pigs or chickens. Pigs, poultry, fruit and dairy may all be profitably combined under certain conditions. The success of nearly all of the great industries has resulted from good management and the full utilization of all the by-products.

Hogs in the Orchard.

There are several benefits derived from pasturing hogs in an orchard. First, there is the gain to the hogs in consuming green feed difficult to be harvested on account of the trees. The droppings of the hogs are a rich fertilizer for the orchard soil. The greatest benefits come, probably, from the destruction of the eggs and larvae of noxious insects in the full cleaning up of infested fruit by the animals. Hogs will eat fallen fruit of all kinds in an orchard better than any other farm animal, thus doing good that cannot be accomplished in any other way.

If the hen will not pay her board in eggs, she should be made to yield a profit by being slaughtered and her carcass sold. No poultryman should keep drones; he cannot afford it.

It matters not how stylish and shapely a horse may be; if he lacks strength or endurance his value is curtailed.

High roosts are likely to cause lame chickens.

DAIRY NOTES.

Keep books with the cows, but be sure you do your part.

Remember you keep your cows to give milk, not to raise beef.

If the quality of dairy products is first-class the prices will remain high.

No man can develop a cow into a high producer unless that cow had an inherited quality of development to start with.

Success in dairying demands that a man breed and develop his own cows as far as possible, and buy, if he must, wisely.

A few poor cows may do a permanent harm to the herd, but a poor bull will ruin the chances of improving the best herd in the country.

Common sense is better than the best dairy instruction of the day, but it clearly shows a lack of common sense when a dairyman discards all recent investigations.

It takes a cow weeks, sometimes months, to get accustomed to a new home. So strong is this native attachment that a change seriously affects her temper and conduct.

Lime to Prevent Gapes.

The best preventive of gapes is to plow or spade the ground intended for young chicks as soon as the frost is gone, and then scatter air-slacked lime liberally over the surface. Gapes generally come from the soil and as lime destroys any eggs or other sources of gapeworms, the chicks will escape. Salt also may be added in small quantities. Lime is cheap and it is better to use it on the ground than to work trying to save the chicks and lose a large number. The ground should be limed as early as possible. Lime is also a preventive of roup. To get rid of filth is to avoid disease in the flocks, for when disease appears the germs are retained in the ground. For that reason every location occupied by poultry should be occasionally spaded or plowed. When performing such work, first scatter air-slacked lime over the service, and turn under the top soil, following by another application of lime on the surface. The lime causes a chemical action in the soil which quickly destroys the filth by changing its composition.—Poultry Record.

Borax For Feather Eaters.

A poultryman who was troubled by feather-eating fowls states that he found his remedy in powdered borax. He had been pounding some borax in a wooden box, and leaving it for a few minutes, he found that his poultry began eating it greedily. Afterward, seeing that it did the fowls no harm, he supplied it to them and very soon feather eating did not exist in his yard. The question is, what did the fowls find in the borax to satisfy the craving they once had for feathers and blood?

We trust that our readers will test the borax treatment for feather eating and report results or publication.

Borax is a salt of sodium—sodium biphosphate. It is generally used as an antiseptic or parasitic, or insect destroyer. According to the Pharmacopoeia it is given internally in epilepsy, and, in fact does not seem to be used outside of a lotion, gargle or paint.—Poultry, England.

Have a Separator.

By the use of the hand separator it is possible to make the highest grade of butter at home, providing the cream is properly handled and churned. By the use of the separator you are not only able to make a higher grade of butter and sell it for a higher price, but you will be able to extract more cream from the milk and hence make more butter. Also the warm, sweet skim milk will have a higher food value either for human use or for animal feeding. If you keep more than three or four cows, by all means buy a separator. It will soon pay for itself.

Eye Diseases.

Sore eyes may be due to various causes such as injury or catarrhal infection and when due to the latter the entire head is apt to become affected. It is advisable to keep animals thus affected in a dark stable during the day, allowing them to pasture at night. The eyes should be bathed several times daily in an antiseptic solution, after which time an eye lotion should be injected into the eye. Give animals access to medicated salt.

Plenty of stable manure cultivation and judicious pruning will, almost without exception, bring back to bearing the old orchard that seemed to be beyond hope.

Even on a small scale well-bred poultry can be made to return a handsome profit, if handled right.

Dry picked fowls present a much plumper appearance than those scalded and then picked.

It is best, so it is said, not to give sour food to poultry.

MANY WORDS FROM ONE ROOT

Interesting Reading at This Time When So Many Are Interested in Aviation.

We say that aeronauts "fly," and we use a correct word of very ancient lineage, though its first users had no thought of applying it to motion through air, but confined it to the idea of moving through water. So really when we fly we are swimming through the air, for the water association has clung to the entire family of "flying" words in all of the Aryan languages.

It has been a large family that has sprung from the Aryan root "flu," which, when it reached the Anglo-Saxon, became "flu"—the change from the "p" to the "f" sound being quite common. That root to our Aryan ancestors conveyed the idea of swimming through water and was afterward extended to motion in a buoyant manner in any supporting medium and finally has come to have a wide variety of meanings from moving like a bird through the air to "flying" into a passion and "flying" as a rumor flies.

That little root "flu" has grown in India and in the Sanskrit has been preserved intact, meaning to fly or jump. The Hindus call the frog "plava" because he is a jumper. In the Greek we have "pleein," to sail or float. The association with water is found in the Latin "pluvia," which means rain, and gives us Jupiter Pluvius. When we reach the Teutonic the "f" sound begins and we have the base "flut" on which the English words rest. In the Anglo-Saxon there is "flota," a ship, because it floats in water, and in the Icelandic are exactly the same word and meaning. Our Swedish brother has "fotta" for a float or raft, and in Danish it is "flyde," meaning to flow. The Dutch bring in their "v" and have "vlot" for a raft.

That root has given us scores of words in the English language. From "fleet," several ships that "float" on water, as well as "fleet," to move swiftly like flowing water, or like an object through water.

On Fools.

I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a fool—as naturally as I love of kith and kin to him. When a child, with childlike apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those parables—not guessing at their involved wisdom—I had more yearning toward that simple architect that built his house upon the sand than I entertained for his more cautious neighbor. I grumbled at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat unfeminine wariness, of their competitors—I felt a kindness that almost amounted to a tendre for those five thoughtless virgins. I have never made an acquaintance since that lasted, or a friendship that answered with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding.—Charles Lamb.

What Mattered the Kind?

He was a fragile youth, she a maiden fair. They were engaged for the next dance.

"Would you prefer to sit it out?" he asked tenderly.

She agreed, and they sat on the stairs. At least, the lady did. The male portion of the partnership, with a yell, rose more hastily than he sat down, his face bearing a horrible expression of torture.

"Oh, Mr. Slim, what kind of attack is it?" exclaimed the maiden in distressed tones.

"What earthly difference does it make, so long as it was one?" he growled.

And to this day the fair creature has been unable to understand why the fragile Mr. Slim strode angrily away, vowing awful vengeance on the person responsible for leaving that upturned tack on the stair carpet.

High New Hampshire Hedge.

What is admittedly the most extensive hedge in this corner of the country stands in front of the residence of John R. Hatch in the village of Greenland, N. H. It is 200 feet long. It is composed of sturdy spruce trees, ranged side by side as thickly as their growth will permit, and which are now 20 feet high.

This distinctive feature of one of New Hampshire's fairest villages is 40 years old. The roadway which runs along the Hatch premises is completely obscured from the occupants of the house as the house is completely hidden from the travelers in the highway. Greenland's spruce hedge is certainly the most extensive thing of its kind which one will find in or about the precincts of New England.

Parisian Burglar's Ingenious Device.

A new device for robbing flats was hit upon by a Frenchman who is now in jail. Dressed as a working man and carrying a bucket filled with a mysterious compound, he was in the habit of calling at flats saying that he had come by the landlord's orders to disinfect the place.

During the operation such an unpleasant smell was emitted that the tenant hastily decamped to the room farthest removed from the scene of "disinfection," leaving the coast clear for the burglar. The latter at length presented himself at a flat which happened to be occupied by the landlord himself and a few minutes afterward he was handed over to the police.

HAS NO REAL PLACE

SINCERITY NOT WANTED IN THE WORLD'S AFFAIRS.

Man Who Set Out to Be Absolutely Truthful in All Things Announces That He Quickly Discovered the Fact.

"I will be sincere," I said to myself. "No matter what it costs me, I will say exactly what I think at all times and all places. I will have nothing to do with shams and pretenses and conventions." So I went out and tried it.

"To the first man I met I stated my position and my intention of speaking my mind. The man grasped me by the hand as though I was his long-lost brother.

"You are the man for me!" he declared. "I'm sick of the conventional humbug of the world. We will be friends, you and I, and we will always say exactly what we mean to each other, and tell each other our real opinions."

"We will," said I, "and as a start, I should like to say that the color of that tie you have on does not suit you at all. A man with your complexion should never wear a red tie." But my new-found friend was a Socialist, and he felt as though he was saying his creed every time he caught sight of his red tie in a shop window, so, after a slight argument, he remembered a previous engagement and vanished.

I was somewhat puzzled, but went on my way, and presently met a nice, pretty girl, and to her I unfolded my philosophy.

"I'm awfully glad you've told me," she said. "I get so tired of all the silly things people say to one, and I have so often longed for a friend who would tell me what he really thought of me. You will, won't you?"

"I will," I promised. "I'll begin now. You say you get tired of people who say silly things to you, but really you like them."

But it happened that she was a girl who prided herself on being sincere, who explained to herself many times daily that she only did conventional things because "one had to," and so she was not at all pleased. She told me in tones of perfect politeness that I was quite mistaken, and went off to talk to another man who told her what a relief it was to meet some one who was not afraid of calling a spade a spade.

But at last I found an old lady, a beautiful old lady, who was not in the least ashamed of being old and looking old. To her I made, as in duty bound, my declaration of absolute and uncompromising truthfulness, but instead of composing odies in my honor she sat up and shook her finger at me.

"Now, now!" she said. "That won't do with me, young man. All the men who want to pay the most outrageous compliments begin like that, and I've heard too many of them." And the more I protested my complete sincerity, the less she would believe me.

So what was I to do? To try to be sincere with myself was about the only thing left. After a few more experiences of the same sort, which invariably brought the same results, I decided that real sincerity didn't occupy a very permanent place in this world's affairs.

Trade Follows the Doctor.

At nine o'clock the stranger in the neighborhood saw a grocery wagon standing in front of the doctor's house down the street. At ten o'clock another wagon stood there, and at 11 o'clock still another.

"The doctor's family must be big eaters if it takes so many grocers to supply their wants," she said to the janitor.

"Oh, they are not all delivering stuff at the doctor's house," said he. "They are only stopping there as an advertisement."

"Every grocer, butcher, baker and dairyman in the neighborhood hitches his wagon in front of the doctor's house and carries the things from there the rest of the way. It pays to make folks think they have the doctor's trade."

"Many people who have just moved into a neighborhood never make up their minds who to deal with until they find out where the doctor trades. He is supposed to buy only the best foods and the newcomers feel safe in trading where he does."

Only Cause for Smoking Out.

A New York youngster who lives in a neighborhood where disease makes frequent fumigations necessary returned from his first visit to the country with the astonishing information that Farmer Jones' coons and woodchucks had been laid up with scarlet fever. The summer teacher abhors nature faking, so she admonished him not to tell fibs.

"But that ain't no lie," said he. "Didn't I see the tree they lived in wild me own eyes, an' didn't I hear Mr. Jones tell how he had had to smoke 'em out?"

Real Reason.

"That man never gets any sleep."

"Stays up all night bumming around, eh?"

"Naw, the poor cuss has a baby in the house."—St. Louis Star.

Smart-Set Language.

"What a beautiful costume, dear!"

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, my dear, I love it. It's just too hideously fashionable for words!"—London Opinion.

A Hair Dressing

If you wish a high-class hair dressing, we are sure Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will greatly please you. It keeps the hair soft and smooth, makes it look rich and luxuriant, prevents splitting at the ends. And it keeps the scalp free from dandruff.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Formula with each bottle. Show it to your doctor. Ask him about it, then do as he says.

At the same time the new Ayer's Hair Vigor is a strong hair tonic, promoting the growth of the hair, keeping all the tissues of the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. The hair stops falling, dandruff disappears. A splendid dressing.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Howard E. Burton, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1.00; Gold, Silver, 75c; Gold, 50c; Zinc or Copper, \$1.00. Mailing envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Unimpaired work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP CO.
Tehuantepec Route
Regular Fast Freight Service
New York to Pacific Coast Ports and Hawaiian Islands—Sailings from New York every six days, making direct connection with Pacific steamers sailing from Salina Cruz, Mexico, every six days for San Francisco.
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HIGHEST PRICES
CASH paid for Hides, Pelts, Tallow, Wool, Furs and Skins

Constipation

"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascarella, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascarella I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you, I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity." B. F. Fisher, Roanoke, Ill.
CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to the Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Ill., and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE.

NEW HOTEL LENOX
Centrally located one-half block off Market St.
Rates \$1 a day up. Steam heat and hot water in every room. Best price paid for Raw Furs. Taxidermy work a specialty.

LADD'S GUN STORE
335-337 Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, camping outfit and athletic goods of every description. Write for our illustrated catalogue. Best price paid for Raw Furs. Taxidermy work a specialty.

WALDORF HAIR STORE
Best Known Known as the Best
A visit to the Waldorf Hair Store while in San Francisco will convince you that you are in the right place. We do hairdressing in the very latest style. Manicuring, Shampooing, Hair and Facial Treatment. We carry the very finest Hair Goods on the Pacific Coast. Strict attention to Country Orders.

WALDORF HAIR STORE
Best Known Known as the Best
241 Geary St., San Francisco

The Creeping Kafir.
The sun was shining brightly down on the farmyard, and under a large willow tree a number of roofbeekies—small, red beaked birds—were feeding. Suddenly a Kafir appeared and fell on his knees about ten yards behind the birds. He crept a yard nearer, but if I had not been watching him very closely I could have sworn that he did not move. The man seemed to be all in one piece. He moved entirely, not in sections of knees and legs and arms and upper body. Then he winked at me, so certain was he of the success of his exploit. I am certain some of the birds saw this alien figure, yet so impalpable were his motions that they did not suspect he was a human being—and a foe. Nearer and nearer he drew. Suddenly he lay still, measured the distance with his eye, and then, with a lightning motion, he stretched forward and grabbed. The birds arose, alarmed, shrieking shrilly—all but one. And that one was fluttering, terrified and helpless, in the Kafir's huge hand.—London Standard.

The Handy Box of Paradise Sodas
When emptied can be used for fifteen dozen eggs case, or a hundred other uses around the house. All grocers.

STANDARD BISCUIT CO.
Sole Makers of Paradise Sodas
San Francisco

THE FIRST CLOCKS.

One at Padua That Was a Wonder of Mechanism.

It was, we are told, in 1309 that the first clock known to the world was placed in the tower of San Eustorgio, in Milan.

The greatest astonishment and admiration were manifested by crowds who flocked to see the timepiece. In 1344 a clock was installed in the palace of the nobles at Padua. This was a wonder of mechanism indeed, for besides indicating the hours it showed the course of the sun, the revolutions of the planets the various phases of the moon, the months and the fates of the year.

The period of the evolution from the clock to the watch was seventy-one years—not so very long, all things considered—and the record of the first watch is 1380. A half century later an alarm clock made its appearance. This, we are told, was looked upon by the people of that age as "an instrument prodigious."

The fortunate possessor of this clock was Andrea Alciato, a councillor of Milan. The chroniclers have placed on record that this clock sounded a bell at a stated hour, and at the same time a little wax candle was lighted automatically. How this was done we are not told, but it must not be overlooked that until about seventy years ago we had no means of obtaining a light other than the tinder box, so that the Milanese must have been centuries ahead of us in this respect.

Not much progress was made with the watch until 1740, when the second hand was added.—London Globe.

RAILROADS WANT YOUNG MEN
as Telegraph Operators and Station Agents. Every graduate of our full course of Telegraphy and Railroad Engineering is placed in a good position.

Write for particulars to
POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE OF PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY,
306 Twelfth St., Oakland, Cal.

The water-power of Canada is estimated at 25,000,000 horse-power by the Dominion Superintendent of Railway Lands.

Good for Sore Eyes,
for over 100 years PETTIT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Skin of My Teeth.
In the book of Job appears the sentence, "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth," which is modernized "by the skin of my teeth" and gives the idea of a narrow escape, one so close as to be just by the thickness of the skin on the teeth, which is so thin that no microscopist has yet been able to find it. "To cast in the teeth" means to throw defiant reproaches or insults spitefully, as one would cast a stone at the exposed teeth of a snarling dog. "Tooth and nail" denotes the manner of an action full of frenzied fury, typified by biting and scratching, as when two belligerent cats make the fur fly.

Watching my favorite bar-keep the other day I noticed that the whiskey he served particular customers was invariably Old Gilt Edge, either rye or bourbon. Asked why, he said "There's no use offering them anything else," and he knew.

Germany will raise the standard of dentistry by requiring students to have a general preparation equal to that demanded of a prospective physician, and to spend longer time in study.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c. at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Book. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

He Knew the Requirements.
Uncle Silas, in his youth, had been "fond of the society of the opposite sex," to use his own words, and the timidity of his 23-year-old nephew was a great trial to him.

"What's the matter of you, Rod, that you stick at home Sunday evenings?" he demanded plainly, after many unavailing hints. "Why don't you go calling on some of your young lady friends, boy?"

"Oh, I don't care about it," said Rodney, turning a lively crimson. "They wouldn't find me interesting."

"Wouldn't?" puffed Uncle Silas. "Well, I should like to be told why they wouldn't. You've got a good black suit and a new straw hat, and you've got a pair of legs that could take you to the candy shop on Saturday night, and enough pockets to put a box or two in. I should like to know what more you need to make 'em find you interesting?"

She Didn't Care.
Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at a luncheon in New York, said with good-humored mockery of the suffragettes:

"If they keep on, their outlook, really, will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's. Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a décollete gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix, regarded the pretty little lady indulgently, and said with a sigh:

"You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money."

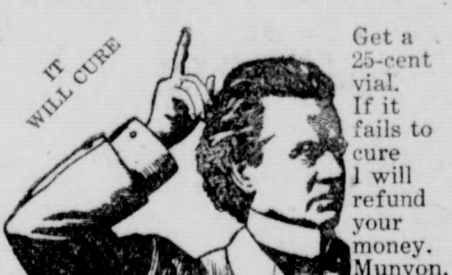
"You dear old boy," she cried, "what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you?"

Late Polar Controversy.
The king of France marched up the hill with 40,000 men.

"I wish plenty of witnesses," he explained.

His purpose accomplished, he forthwith marched down.—New York Sun.

RHEUMATISM



Munyon's Rheumatism Cure

Lots of Practice.

"Have you had any practise?" inquired the manager of the great combination circus and menagerie, who had advertised for a man who could chin himself twenty times with one hand.

"I've had too much practise," wearily sighed the applicant, whose right shoulder was three inches higher than his left. "For seven years I've been practising two hours daily; I'm a straphanger, sir."

PATENT ATTORNEYS
DEWEY, STRONG & CO.—Founded 1890; U. S. and foreign patents; inventors' guide; 100 mechanical movements free. 1105 Merchants' Exchange Building, San Francisco.

Italy instructs her cavalry officers in the training of carrier pigeons for military purposes.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A Texas woman has patented a chair the back and seat of which are hinged to a board in front, below the seat in such a manner that the whole affair may be converted into an ironing table.

Rheumatism Cured by Sero-Therapy.
Wonderful cures are made by our serum. Something new and handles only by us on the Pacific Coast. Write or see California Sero-Therapy Co., 110 Whittell Bldg., 166 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

Among the people of the earth, except those of Australia, the Americans are the most liberal meat eaters.

HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN.
If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant, safe cure for women's ills, try Mother Gray's ATHERIAN-LEAF. It is a safe and never-failing remedy for all ailments of the female system. Sample package FREE. Address the Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

"Apaches" of Paris.
The re-establishment of the death penalty has produced no sensible diminution in the total of crimes of murder, and the "Apaches" of Paris and their fellows and imitators in the provinces are growing in numbers and audacity, an exchange says.

At the present time one of the effects of the floods has been to bring the "Apaches" like rats on the boulevards from their usual haunts in the suburbs. They assemble on the principal boulevards in front of the great restaurants and theaters, and, often in connivance with the chauffeurs and the drivers, force the public to submit to paying, first, a tip to two or three of themselves, with the alternative of vile abuse or blows, and, second, of a double fee to the drivers. As it has invariably rained heavily at midnight for the last three weeks, the scenes at night on the exit from the theaters have been a disgrace to any civilized city.

The newspapers are filled with complaints, but up to the present no remedy has been attempted, and it would require treble the available force of police to put down this nuisance—which is not altogether unknown in London.

Threatened Them.
Mike and Pat were hired to clean a cistern. Mike took a firm hold of the rope and started to let Pat down. When about half way down Pat yelled up:

"Ho! Mike, stop letting me down."

"For why?" said Mike.

"Don't ask any questions," said Pat, "fer if yez don't stop letting me down, I'll cut the rope."—Harper's Monthly.

Against Women Workers.
From the Pittsburgh offices of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad came the report that the auditors and statisticians had estimated that the women clerks and stenographers do on the average 30 per cent less work than the men.

The management therefore will henceforth employ only men, although the present women workers will not be dismissed.

For Perfect Health
In order to maintain strength and keep the body in a healthy condition these things are absolutely necessary:—Keep the digestion normal—the bowels free from constipation—the liver and kidneys active. For this particular work there is nothing quite as good as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Try a bottle for Cramps, Diarrhoea, Indigestion and Malaria.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

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AUTO GOSSIP

San Francisco.—Forty or more Rambler owners, many of wealth and prominence, representing fifteen different States of the Union, appear in picture and story in the big mid-summer number of the Rambler Magazine, a beautiful edition with cover in four colors, published by the Thomas B. Jeffery Company in the interest of Rambler owners and prospective buyers.

The story of the building of the Rambler, beginning with the making of the drop forgings in the drop forge shop and ending with the description of the finishing of Rambler bodies by the expert workmen, is told in detail.

The Rambler Magazine is not for sale on news stands, but it will be sent free to any one who makes request of the Thomas B. Jeffery Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

San Francisco.—The Los Angeles-San Diego run is undoubtedly the most popular in Southern California for automobile speed tests. The record for this course is one of the most sought-for distinctions by drivers who glory in fast going.

Harold Stone, in a Great Western, has just lowered the former mark of 10:21 to 9:58. The machine when making the run was wearing Diamond tires. These same tires will soon have achieved a privileged place in the automobile hall of fame.

Previous to this last distinguished service they had already won the Coalinga road race and to date have done 9000 miles. In spite of this hard usage they appear but little the worse for wear.

San Francisco.—George P. Moore, Pacific Coast representative for Monogram oil, has gone to Los Angeles on a business visit to the New York Lubricating Oil Company's branch office in the southern metropolis.

While in the southern section of the State, Moore will visit various localities in the interest of Monogram oil and for the purpose of studying motor car conditions.

San Francisco.—The last was not heard of the Glidden tour controversy when the original decision was recently reversed, and the award made to the Chalmers is evidenced by the fact that Justice Kelly of the New York Supreme Court has entered an order restraining the American Automobile Association contest board from delivering the Glidden Trophy to the Chalmers on the grounds that the contest board, in reversing the award to the Premier, acted without jurisdiction, violating rules governing contests, showing partiality, and violating the terms of the trust imposed by the donor.

San Francisco.—The Stone Canyon Consolidated Coal Co. have found an unique use for their 6-cylinder, 60 H. P. Premier car. The original wheels have been replaced with regular car wheels and the machine is used in hauling three push cars loaded with coal from Stone Canyon, Monterey County, to the railway siding at Chanslor, a distance of 40 miles. A load of 3,000 pounds is carried each trip up a grade with an average 3 per cent incline. The entire haul is completed on 4½ gallons of gasoline.

At the station this Premier is also used for switching freight cars. With the exception of the changed wheels the car remains the same in every respect as it was when it came from the factory.

San Francisco.—Among recent deliveries, S. G. Chapman reports Oakland "30" roadsters to Speigher Brothers of Petaluma, and George Young of Modesto, and Hupmobiles to Dr. A. F. Cowden of Santa Cruz, E. R. Richardson of San Mateo, and George Young of Modesto.

San Francisco.—Van Zee and Bob Davis have the distinction of being the first autoists to cover the new road from Woodland to Sacramento. The trip was made in a Buick car. This new road is direct, being but about twenty-one miles in length. It is finely constructed and Van Zee reports it much better than the more circuitous route by which the trip had formerly to be made.

San Francisco.—J. E. Arnenda, of the West States Life Insurance Co., has just completed a 2,000 mile trip throughout Northern California and Oregon in his Haynes car. Arnenda went from San Francisco to Stockton and thence via Redding, Dunsuir and Reed over the old Oregon trail to Baird. The run into Mott from Dunsuir was up an exceedingly steep grade that reached 3000 feet elevation. Leaving Baird, Arnenda continued on by way of Salem to Portland. Return from Portland was made to McCloud and thence back to San Francisco. The trip was made in two weeks.

Arnenda does more extensive touring, probably, than any autoist in local circles. Although he has owned his car but a few months, over 14,000 miles have already been covered by the machine. All the hardest sections in California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington have been successfully negotiated.

SCIENCE IN TABLOID FORM.

A Few Discoveries Made by the Genial Office Statistician.

Research proves that the smallest men push the heaviest loads, while the big fellows hold down the office chairs, the New York Times says.

A cubic foot of water is a load for one man. A cubic foot of near-whisky will make a load for forty men.

One of the most peculiar optical illusions is the fact that a small front yard looks larger than the State of Indiana when viewed from the rear of a dull lawn mower.

Out of the 26,232,615 haircuts administered in this country last year, thirty-seven were cut just as the patrons desired they should be.

Wild geese fly in the shape of a V—even on the restaurant menu.

The first green thing to show after the melting snow is the labels of the empty tin cans in the back yards.

It is a peculiar fact that the Chinese of this country forget their English as soon as they are arrested and do not recover until they are free again.

The diamond is so hard it will make a large dent in the hardest heart.

The destruction of our old apple trees threatens the supply of genuine French brier.

The boll-weevil has wrought untold havoc with this year's importations of pure olive oil.

With the invention of the bathtub in 1823 the number of perfume factories decreased 90 per cent.

The easiest thing to touch is some one who wants a favor.

TO VISIT SAN FRANCISCO
Without seeing A. Andrews' Diamond Palace would be like visiting Europe without seeing Paris. It is the most magnificent jewelry store in the world. Visitors welcome. 30 Kearny St. Open 8 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. Established 1850.

A committee of German aviators has figured that it would cost \$100,000 to build a dirigible balloon big enough to carry thirteen passengers, in addition to its crew, and \$375 a day to operate it.

If a man is willing to be a husband seems to be more important these days than if he is capable of being a good one.

JUST THE WORK FOR A WOMAN.
Viavi representatives make from \$500 a year up selling the Viavi Remedies. Most successful system of treatment known. We will give you instruction and training. Write us for particulars. The Viavi Co., Inc., 636-652 Pine St., San Francisco.

Hypothetical Questions.
"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" said one boy.

"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.

"What are they?"

"Questions that she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Washington Star.

PLUMBING MATERIAL
Direct to You at Cut Prices.
Cement Tray \$5; Galv. Tray \$2; Boiler \$4.00; Toilet \$7; Basin \$5; Sink \$3; Bath \$10. Pipe Cut and Threaded. Prices Quoted.

CUT PRICE PLUMBING SUPPLY CO.
320 to 328 McAllister St., near Larkin, S. F.

Real Source of Profit.
A son of Italy was so unfortunate as to face the judge in the police night court in New York not long ago, according to Judge.

"What do you do, Tony?" the judge asked, in a kindly tone, not being hurried, as it happened, and perhaps touched by the liquid softness of Tony's dark eyes.

"Maka da music wid da fina street piano—oh, very fina music!" Tony said, with a bright smile.

"How much do you make in a week?"

"There was a flash of white teeth. "Maka da much money—fifteen, maybe twenty dol."

"What? Get twenty dollars for playing a street piano?" the astonished judge demanded.

"No, notta for play," the music master admitted; "mabe geta two dol' for play—geta rest for shut up noise an' get off block!"

A Dutiful Husband.
A man who had overestimated his capacity for the amber fluid was arrested on the street for improper conduct. In the police court the next morning the usual charge of intoxication was filed against him, and he was fined five dollars, which he promptly paid. This done, he went out with a very worried expression on his countenance, only to return a few minutes later and cautiously approach the clerk.

"Please, sir," he said, "would you just give me a receipt for that five dollars I paid you? I want to show my wife that I didn't spend all my money for drink."—From Success Magazine.

Re Did.
"We are told," said the Sunday school teacher, "that we should love our neighbor. Now, who is your neighbor, Tommy?"

But Tommy Tucker merely blushed, hung his head, and said nothing. He didn't want to tell the little girl's name.—Chicago Tribune.

Correcting a Misapprehension.
Caller—I have been told that your bachelor brother is an avowed misogynist.

Mrs. Gaswell—Why, Mrs. Jipes, there isn't a word of truth in that. He's a Congregationalist.—Chicago Tribune.

A French syndicate has contracted to develop the water powers of Uruguay to furnish light and power to inland towns.

"WEARBEST"

THE PETALUMA HOME INDUSTRY SHOE FOR WORKMEN

An honest exchange for any man's good money. Ask your dealer for PETALUMA SHOES.

"OUR OWN MAKE"

NOLAN-EARL SHOE CO.
Manufacturers and Jobbers, SAN FRANCISCO.

TRY MURINE When Your Eyes Need Care
EYE REMEDY You Will Like It
Liquid Form, 25c, 50c. Salve Tubes, 25c, \$1.00.

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UNION MADE
OVERALLS
DEMAND THE BRAND

Neustadter Bros.
SAN FRANCISCO NEW YORK PORTLAND

LIFE IS LONELY
ON CALIFORNIA RANCHES
Probably Mother would like a baby or a boy or girl for company. Many children are homeless. Let us send one to your home. Full legal control. No interference. Straight legitimate business.

CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY
1478 McAllister St., San Francisco

PIANO SALE
ALL POPULAR MUSIC 15¢
WHY PAY MORE
Save One-half on Musical Instruments
Send for Free Catalogue

J. R. SMITH,
1506 Fillmore St. Also 256 Market St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FOR LIQUOR AND DRUG USING
Over a quarter of a century of continuous success. Call or send for printed matter.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE
2930 Sacramento St., cor. Broderick, San Francisco, Cal.

The New Flavor
Mapleine
(Flavor of Maple)

A flavoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not send 35c for 2 oz. bottle and recipe book.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Seattle, Wash.

WHERE TO STOP AND SHOP
in San Francisco and Oakland

ASSAYERS AND GOLD BUYERS
Gold, rich ore, amalgam, old gold bought. Assaying 5c. Est. 25 years. Finest S. F. Tel. Market 138 St., San Francisco. Ref. First National Bank, S. F.

HOTELS AND APARTMENTS
DEWEY HOUSE, 4th & Howard Sts., San Francisco. All modern conveniences. 20 rooms. \$10.00 per day. \$2 to \$5 week. Free baths. Howard and 4th Sts., cars.

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES
All makes of typewriters sold, rented and repaired. Smith Premier, \$35.00. New and second-hand Steno-Vishlies. Country orders solicited. The Typewriter Man, 225 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

AUTOMOBILES AND SUPPLIES
AUTO Radiator Works, repairing, mfg. of radiators, Tonnes, fenders, mufflers, tanks. 379 Valencia St.

BUICK
Howard Automobile Co., 385 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco. Tel. Market 138.

G. & J. TIRES
G. & J. TIRE CO., 414 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

HEALD'S AUTO SCHOOL
Heald's Automobile Co., 323 Golden Gate Ave., S. F. Tel. Market 138.

OLDMOBILE
Howard Automobile Co., 385 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

SPLITDORF
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S. F. N. U. No. 36, 1910

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The Record is only sixteen months old, but has already thoroughly established itself with a business that is really marvelous. The present quarters in the Knowles building, Hillcrest, are entirely too small, and the purchase of a beautiful lot, corner Mission road and Theta avenue, has just been effected, upon which will be erected an attractive and commodious building, and many new facilities will be added for a more perfect production of work.

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KEARNEY'S EPITAPH DERIDES BUSINESS SENSE OF FARMERS

Said Efforts to Improve Condition of
Fellowmen Killed Him.

Berkeley.—A pathetic epitaph written for his own tombstone by the late Theodore Kearney, who left an estate near Fresno valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars, to the University, has been found by the University authorities in checking up the personal estate of the late millionaire capitalist and vineyardist.

The epitaph tells of the fruitless struggle of the moneyed man, who, with only wealth, endeavored to "teach the average farmer and raisin grower sound business management." Death ended the effort, Kearney declared in his holographic note, which follows:

"When the time comes to write my epitaph the following might well be copied:

"WARNING

Here lies the body of M. Theo. Kearney, a visionary who thought he could teach the average farmer, and particularly raisin grower, some of the rudiments of sound business management. For eight years he worked strenuously at his task and at the end of that time he was no further ahead than at the beginning. The effort killed him."

Alameda County Roads Improved.

Hayward.—Work has commenced on the widening of the bridge across San Lorenzo creek, where the extension of East Fourteenth street crosses the stream. The second bridge in Niles canyon, across Alameda creek, is nearly completed, and it is hoped to have the Niles canyon road finished before winter. This road will be one of the most attractive scenic highways in the State, and will become a great favorite with autoists.

State Humane Meeting.

San Francisco.—The annual convention of the State Humane Association of California will be held in Pasadena September 19th to 22d. The association represents the organized humane effort of the State, including some 30 county organizations and a large number of individuals. Its yearly meetings are attended by nearly everyone prominently identified with the anti-cruelty movement in the State.

Making Town Improvements.

Sebastopol.—The completion of the laying of gas mains from Santa Rosa to this city was appropriately celebrated here. For some years past it had been the dream of residents here to have gas, and make this city more modern. Now Sebastopol has everything required for its business interests except the telegraph.

Flies to Great Height.

Havre, France.—Leon Morane, the French aviator, broke the world's record at the aviation meet now in progress in this city. His monoplane attained a height of 6889 feet.

CRIPPEN PLANNED SUICIDE

WHILE CROSSING ATLANTIC

Evidence Produced Showing Doctor
Intended Self-Destruction.

London.—Hawley Crippen, the American dentist, and Ethel Clare Leneve, his typist, were accused of the murder of Belle Elmore, the former's wife, in the formal charge read to them in the Bow street Police Court Monday. Miss Leneve was charged also with harboring and maintaining Crippen after the crime, knowing he had committed it.

Before the proceedings, Inspector Dew, who brought the prisoners back from Canada, introduced evidence to show that Crippen contemplated suicide while at sea, following his flight from this country. Crippen was quoted also as declaring that his companion knew nothing of the trouble in which he was involved, and Miss Leneve is said to have protested her innocence.

There was special interest in the character of the formal charge, as the Canadian warrant for the arrest of the fugitives had merely laid at their doors responsibility for the death of an unknown woman, whose body was found in the cellar of the Crippen home at Hilldrop Crescent.

The fact that both were on Monday accused of the murder of Belle Elmore, the actress wife of the doctor, leads to the supposition that the mutilated body has been identified to the satisfaction of the authorities. It also suggests that the police have further evidence concerning Miss Leneve's connection with the tragedy than they have made known heretofore.

The proceedings consisted of introducing evidence against the accused, at the conclusion of which they were remanded until September 6th without having pleaded or made any comment in reply to the charge.

Artillery Practice Kills Fish.

Port Townsend, Wash.—With thousands of dead salmon dotting many miles of the shore line of lower Puget Sound as evidence, fishermen assert that the heavy cannonading over sound waters by the big guns of Forts Worden, Casey and Flagler, is destroying more fish than is the work of fishermen. Artillery officers are now concluding an annual target practice, as required by army regulations. Among the important exercises prescribed is the discharge of the 10 and 12 inch mortar and rifle batteries with full service projectiles, for which charges of smokeless powder weighing several hundred pounds are required. The concussion affects a large area of land and water. Persons who have investigated the situation say that the effect of the artillery on fish has been noted after target practice for several summers.

Company Must Pay Damages.

Seward, Alaska.—United States District Judge E. E. Cushman has denied the motion of the Copper River and Northwestern Railway Company for a new trial in the damage case in which B. Phillips was awarded \$15,000 damages against the company for injuries received in the Keystone canyon battle two years ago.

Will Dredge for Gold.

Sacramento.—A dredging company, organized by Philadelphia capitalists, has just purchased 200 acres of land near Folsom, in this county, for gold-dredging purposes and will build several dredges to mine it. These dredges will cost about \$100,000 each.

Omaha.—A cyclone and cloudburst visited Dundee, a suburb of Omaha, unroofing and otherwise damaging scores of houses and doing many thousands of dollars worth of property damage. No one was seriously injured.

California Apples Arouse Envy of Northern Neighbors

Watsonville.—Some time ago the press committee of the Apple Annual sent to various daily papers an article descriptive of the industry in this valley. One of the journals receiving this was the Oregonian of Portland, Ore. In a recent issue that paper, commenting editorially on the coming show of fruit, said:

"Did you ever hear of Watsonville? Probably not. There never has been any particular reason why anybody should hear of it. The town lies in the Pajaro valley, California. We know all about Pajaro valley. It is one of those forsaken spots where nothing grows but sand and conceit, with here and there a spindling fruit tree, which is painfully kept alive by emptying the dishwasher at its roots. The Pajaro valleyites think their poor little imitation apples are the best in the world, because they have never been blessed with a sight of the real thing. Could they once gaze on the rubicund splendor of a Hood river Spitzenberg or a Rogue river yellow Newton or a Yamhill county Jonathan they would have nothing more to say. But alas, it is their sad misfortune to dwell all their lives in Watsonville and see nothing better than those poor little things the people down there call apples."

The people of Watsonville have caused the following answer to be

prepared: "The following figures are taken from the records of the Shippers and Packers' and Orchardists' associations:

"Acreage in valley, 47,000; bearing trees, 998,874; trees coming into bearing 1911, 560,000; shipments 1909, (fresh fruit), 3502 cars; dryers and canners, 800 cars; cider and vinegar factories, 300 cars; local consumption, including adjacent communities, 300 cars; total, 4902 cars.

"Total shipments from entire State of Oregon, 1909, 1000 cars.

"The apple crop for 1909 in his valley sold for \$2,700,000. For a 'few spindling trees, kept painfully alive by emptying dishwasher at the roots', this is doing pretty well. To handle this crop, 4000 people are employed. There are 60 fruit packing houses with twelve and a half acres of floor space, actual measurement. This forsaken spot where 'nothing grows but sand and conceit' last year shipped 140,000 chests of strawberries, or 2,800,000 quart baskets. Cherry exports for 1910 were 400 tons. The total produce shipments for 1910 were 7609 cars.

"Pajaro valley apples are shipped to England, France, Germany, New Zealand, Australia, Japan and China. The words 'Pajaro Valley Apples' on a fruit box are like the 'Sterling' on silver. No wonder some 'conceit' flourishes in the community."

Japan Gets Korea After Years of Bargain and Intrigue

Tokio.—On Monday, Korea, as a nation, ceased to exist. It became a part of the Empire of Japan and the prize which Japan has fought for, bargained for, intrigued for, for 36 years, fell into the Mikado's hands.

Korea loses its Emperor, its independence, its flag and even its name. In the future it will be called Cho Sen.

Emperor Yi Syek, who for years has practically been a prisoner of state, yielded up the throne which has been held by an unbroken line of ancestors for 518 years, in a doleful proclamation in which he urged his people to submit to the power and will of Japan.

There is no interest in Korea over the passing of the kingdom. There was no excitement in Japan.

A rescript by the Japanese Emperor says that in 1905 Korea was placed under the protectorate of Japan, but that, notwithstanding the partial success of the existing government, Korea was unable to preserve order. Suspicion and misgiving permeated the peninsula, and, therefore, in concert

with the Emperor of Korea, he arrived at a plan for the permanent annexation of Korea.

The Emperor expresses the belief that the Koreans in future will enjoy prosperity and that the new status will serve as a fresh guarantee for the enduring peace of the Orient.

On February 23, 1904, at the beginning of the war with Russia, Japan signed a treaty with Korea guaranteeing the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire.

Three days later Marquis Ito arrived at Seoul to act as "advisor" to the Emperor of Korea. From that day Korea was completely at Japan's mercy. Japanese officials took over the management of Korean financial and judicial systems. Japanese colonies were planted in Korean provinces. Marquis Ito was named President-General and the Emperor of Korea became a "guest of the Mikado" in Tokio. In other words, a prisoner. Last year Ito was assassinated by a Korean patriot.

Aeroplanes Will Be Cavalry in Wars of the Future

New York.—That a battalion of aeroplane sharpshooters will take the place of cavalry in the army of the future is the conviction of Lieutenant Joseph Fichel, U. S. A., who has been assigned by the War Department to conduct a series of aeroplane experiments with Glenn H. Curtiss at Sheepshead Bay.

"My first flight," said Lieutenant Fichel in a preliminary report, "was to find out if it would be possible to aim a rifle from the air craft. I found it to be easier than it is when riding a horse.

"When I went up for the succeeding flight I had my rifle loaded with the

regulation .30 caliber bullet. It was easy for me to sight a target in the middle of the field, and, although I had to steady the rifle on one of the aeroplane's supports, it was not difficult to fire.

"From a military standpoint the aeroplane is a most powerful machine."

Paris.—The striking success of the series of aeroplane military skirmishes and scouting maneuvers executed after the Rheims aviation meetings and during the big cross-country race just concluded, has decided the French War Department to undertake the test of air machines at the general army maneuvers on the Plains of Picardy.

Milliners' Association Decrees Still Larger Lids

Chicago.—Pooh, pooh, and a couple of ping pongs for brash legislators who assume to say by law what the size, scope, dimensions and price of a lady's lid should be. The price, if you please, will be the limit, and the hats will be as large as the lady desires. The National Milliners' Association which convened here, tossed out this defiance to all legislatures.

Just to rub it in, it was announced that the well-dressed theater lady this season will wear two hats. There will be an enormous upper deck concern,

just big enough to crowd into a taxicab, and worn underneath this will be the cutest lace affair, which will not be removed in the theater.

The picture hats on display at the convention measure 24 inches across. For street wear the turban will be the thing and fur hats will prevail this winter. An enormous peach basket affair much larger and higher than ever, has come back for early fall wear. It is made in silks of various hues, black prevailing, with tremendous bows.

Early Cold Snap Causes Damage to Crops in Wide Area

St. Paul.—Killing frosts, the first of the season, are reported from Havre, Mont., Sheridan, Wyo., and Minnesota points. This is the earliest frost in the Northwest in years, but the fact that harvesting has been nearly completed, with the exception of flax, prevents serious loss. During normal years harvesting is at least three weeks later than it has been this year and the crops will not suffer greatly.

with the exception of corn in Iowa, which will be seriously damaged if the cold wave continues on its journey southward and eastward. All records in the Black Hills of South Dakota were broken by the first fall of snow of the year, in which nearly an inch settled to earth. It was accompanied by a temperature that reached 25 degrees and frost that destroyed all vegetation.

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